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**CETEWAYO'S CAREER.**

THE career of CETEWAYO may perhaps close with his surrender to the English Commissioner of the Reserved Territory. It appears that he is not to be removed to Natal; and he occupies a doubtful position as something between a prisoner and guest. That he is no longer his own master is proved by his forcible separation from his English adviser, Mr. GRANT. The history of a barbarian chief can only be interesting when he has come into contact with civilization; but the former King of the ZULUS has, with little fault on his part, been singularly unfortunate. CETEWAYO inherited and improved a military system which, as the Zulu war afterwards showed, was not a little formidable. His subjects, who were by nature among the bravest of mankind, were compelled to submit to a Spartan discipline. The young men were enlisted in regiments, and forbidden to marry until they had completed an appointed term of service. Their weapons, consisting principally of spears and javelins, would have been thought contemptible if they had not at Isandlana and elsewhere proved their fearlessness of firearms and their ability to engage on equal terms with English infantry. The KING, like other savage chiefs, exercised a capricious, and occasionally cruel, despotism; and his armaments were regarded with natural uneasiness by his neighbours; but, until he was justly irritated, and afterwards forced into hostilities, he maintained friendly relations with the English colonies, and his occasional threats against the Boers of the Transvaal had not been followed by hostile action. A taste for creating and drilling an army has, in the case of some more civilized rulers, been combined with habitual distaste for war. Like FREDERICK WILLIAM I. of Prussia, CETEWAYO might perhaps have been content to amuse himself to the end of his life with military preparations and parades, but for a series of events for which he was in no way responsible.

On the eve of the contest with the English forces CETEWAYO had given proof of his pacific disposition by referring to the arbitration of the High Commissioner a frontier dispute with the Transvaal Republic. As the award afterwards showed, the Zulu claim was well founded; and in the probable contingency of resistance by the Boers to an adverse decision, CETEWAYO was strong enough to vindicate his rights without external aid. SECOCOENT, a chief of far inferior power, had, about the same time, defeated the Transvaal levies, and no serious resistance could have been offered to the occupation of the disputed territory by the Zulu army. Unfortunately the English Secretary for the Colonies was then anxious to effect a federation of the South African States and Colonies; and his representative precipitated the annexation of the Transvaal, which but for his premature action would have been regularly and permanently completed. The English agent, though he had no military force at his disposal, met with no resistance from the Republican authorities; but he ought to have foreseen that, when the need of protection had passed, the whole transaction would be repudiated. After the annexation Sir BARTLE FRERE, having succeeded to the office of High Commissioner, unfortunately determined to overrule, in substance though not in form, the award in which the rights of CETEWAYO were recognized. The simple native intellect had not apprehended the distinction between ownership and sovereignty. The subject in dispute had been the land which was claimed by the two litigants; but Sir BARTLE FRERE announced to the astonished Zulus that the possession

of the intruding Boer settlers must be respected, although the territory now formed a part of the Zulu kingdom. It was evident that the judge had become a party to the suit, and that he interpreted in his own favour a decision which had been impartially given; yet, even under the provocation of obvious injustice, CETEWAYO still refrained from armed occupation of the disputed lands, and contented himself with vague indications of displeasure.

Up to this time his preparations had been exclusively directed against the Republic; but the annexation of the Transvaal left him without a possible enemy, except the English or Colonial Government. There was, therefore, greater need for vigilance in watching his movements; but the only wrong which had been committed on either side was the arbitrary construction applied to the territorial award by the High Commissioner. One or two trifling irregularities which occurred on the frontier might well have been overlooked. On one occasion, two residents in Natal having crossed the frontier were detained for a few hours; and a Zulu woman, living under English jurisdiction, was forcibly taken across the frontier. The High Commissioner determined to insist on the disbandment of the Zulu army, and on the abolition of some barbarous practices which prevailed. On the refusal of CETEWAYO to comply with his demands, an English force advanced into Zululand, and, after some painful reverses, the KING's army was defeated, and he was himself made prisoner. Although he had been guilty of no offence, he was necessarily detained in custody, and the English Government had by its own acts imposed upon itself the duty of providing to some extent for the government of the conquered territory. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's contrivance of a division of the kingdom into petty native States was perhaps as unobjectionable as any alternative arrangement. The military organization which had caused so much alarm was effectually dissolved, and the only disturbances thenceforth to be apprehended would probably be confined to petty wars between neighbouring chiefs. It was obviously right to consult the welfare of the population at the expense of personal hardship to the dethroned ruler. There has never been any reason to suppose that his subjects attributed to him a divine right of sovereignty or even regretted his fall.

Unfortunately, every English Minister has thought fit to reverse the South African policy of his predecessor, with the result in almost every instance of aggravating the evil consequences of previous mistakes. The annexation of the Transvaal was indirectly the cause of the Zulu war, and an ill-judged attempt to repair the wrong inflicted on CETEWAYO has caused a revival of anarchy and bloodshed in his former dominions. Lord KIMBERLEY has not rivalled the injustice which had been practised before his accession to office; but his interference has been more gratuitous than any previous act, and its consequences have been purely mischievous. With the one-sided benevolence which is excusable in an amateur politician, and incompatible with the character of a statesman, Bishop COLENSO, having been impressed with the injustice from which the Zulu KING had suffered, made incessant efforts to secure his restoration. If there had been only a question of conferring a personal benefit on an injured potentate, the agitation would have been deserving of a certain respect; but only an irresponsible philanthropist could be allowed to forget the Zulu people, and the probable influence on their peace and prosperity of the revival of the old military despotism. It is not worth while to

criticize the injudicious methods by which Bishop COLENSO pursued the object which he ultimately attained. Only a sincere enthusiast could have hoped to persuade a veteran Minister to share in his misapplied sympathies. Lord KIMBERLEY had, as the representative of colonial policy in the Opposition of the time, approved Lord CARNARVON's unfortunate annexation of the Transvaal. It is true that his concurrence was, in conformity with Parliamentary custom, guarded by a formal reservation of his right to judge of the facts when they were fully known; but the state of the case was generally understood, and a Minister and a member of the Opposition had almost equal facilities for judging of the probable conduct of the Boers. The melancholy result of annexation may perhaps have suggested to Lord KIMBERLEY the expediency of counteracting its indirect results. For this, or for some unknown reason, he began soon after his return to the Colonial Office to listen to the representations of Bishop COLENSO and the Aborigines' Protection Society. It was in vain that the able and experienced Governor of NATAL warned his official superior of the risk which he was incurring. Lord KIMBERLEY caused CETEWAYO to be brought to England on a visit, as an earnest of his restoration to the throne of Zululand. With great difficulty Sir HENRY BULWER induced Lord KIMBERLEY to assent to the reservation of a small territory to be occupied by the chiefs who had reason to apprehend the vengeance of CETEWAYO. The SECRETARY of STATE reduced by one-half the proposed extent of reserved territory, but he assented to the maintenance in power of one of the appointed chiefs because he occupied a remote province which it might have been difficult to conquer. CETEWAYO made no secret of his purpose to disregard the provisions which he had accepted while he was still under English control. He would almost certainly have invaded the dominions of USIBEPU if his adversary had not anticipated the attack. It is probably true that since his victory USIBEPU has employed his forces in massacre and pillage. After remaining for a time in hiding, CETEWAYO has apparently despaired of retrieving his fortunes; and he is once more forced to accept English hospitality. It will be the obvious duty of the local Government to take care that, while his safety and comfort are secured, he shall not be allowed to prepare for the resumption of warlike operations. If by superior energy and capacity USIBEPU can establish himself as the successor of the former dynasty, there is no reason why he should be regarded either with especial favour or with dislike. It may be hoped that, as far as Zululand is concerned, the list of political blunders is at last exhausted. The more complicated relations with the Transvaal may perhaps be less easily settled. Under the present administration of the Colonial Office there will be no undue activity. It is not equally certain that Lord DERBY may not fall into the opposite error; but there is every reason to believe that he will be less susceptible than his immediate predecessors to sentimental considerations.

#### SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE IN WALES.

IT is very natural that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's successive raids into the remoter parts of the country should half puzzle and half annoy his political opponents; but it is somewhat more surprising that persons who are not definitely committed to Radicalism should apparently miss their significance. For two things should be perfectly evident to any qualified political student at the present day. The first is that the party which at present calls itself Liberal is to a great extent trading on the capital accumulated by the real Liberal party of the past. The other is that its political superiority has been obtained chiefly by an adroit and not too scrupulous manipulation of the jealousy always felt by the weaker members of a composite body towards the stronger. It has been one of the noteworthy, though scarcely one of the creditable, characteristics of Mr. GLADSTONE's recent career that he has set himself with steadiness and success to the cultivation of this jealousy in every possible way, and his followers have imitated him. The feelings of feud between Ireland and the rest of the United Kingdom, between Scotland and England, between Wales and England, between the country towns and London, between the Protestant sects and the Church, have all been dexterously played on to swell the Radical majority. On the other side, until very recently, hardly any trouble has been taken to counteract these tactics. There is no conceivable reason why Scotchmen or

Welshmen should be members of one political party more than of the other. Radicals, indeed, with the peculiar fatuity which distinguishes them, are wont to say that Scotchmen and Welshmen are on their side because they are intelligent; and any Tory who wished to emulate the silliness of his antagonists might explain the fact on Mr. HOMERSHAM COX's unwise application of a certain hasty remark of King DAVID's to Welshmen, or on the equally judicious and amiable theory that Scotchmen think of nothing but getting on, and that Radicalism is a creed more promising to the ambitious and the covetous than Toryism. Sensible men would as soon adopt one theory as the other. The fact is simple, and easily explained. Like younger sons and junior partners, communities in the position of Scotland and of Wales incline naturally to opposition; and the very same reason which made Scotland and Wales violently Jacobite when England was Hanoverian gave during the long domination of the Tory party a Whig or Liberal twist to the politics of both. Since the overthrow of that domination both countries have been assiduously courted by the one side, and comparatively neglected by the other; while the peculiar ecclesiastical circumstances of Wales have helped to confirm her in Radicalism.

There is, however, no reason why this state of things, either ecclesiastically or politically, should continue. Radicalism has, except in the one point of the disestablishment of the Church, nothing to offer Welshmen. They are not rack-rented; they are in no way politically disfranchised. The carrying out of the ideas of the Leeds Conference would give them a far smaller share of representation in Parliament than they have at present, and would indeed practically disfranchise all the Principality outside the South Wales coalfield. But with regard to Disestablishment itself, it would be a gross blunder to accept the confident assertions of Radical speakers and writers as representing the actual wishes of Welshmen. Outside of the directly interested class of Nonconformist ministers hostility to the Church hardly exists, and such as does exist is simply created and kept alive by those ministers themselves for their own purposes. It is quite true that the Church has much leeway to make up in Wales. But any one acquainted with the facts knows that a really devoted and judicious parish clergyman can generally succeed in winning back a great portion of the strayed flock, and that (to vary the old saying) if the Church in Wales were what she should be for a single day, Nonconformity (at least of the aggressive kind) would shrink to very small proportions. It is not at all improbable that the institutions of which the first was opened by Lord ABERDARE at Cardiff on Wednesday may help, and not so very indirectly, in this good work. It has sometimes been questioned whether separate University colleges are likely to do real good to Wales, and whether they will not intensify the provincialism which is at present unduly noteworthy in the Principality. But it may fairly be urged on the other side that the rubbing together of various sects and classes can hardly fail to break down the still more prejudicial exclusiveness which at present makes every little Welsh sect and every little Welsh community a close corporation. This particularism, moreover, in which the strength of Welsh Nonconformity and Welsh Radicalism lies, is incompatible with the advance in education worthy of the name which may be hoped from these bodies. They will have at first no doubt to devote themselves very much to mere *Brodstudien*, and they can hardly for a long time aim at more than being fairly good secondary schools. But the influences of fellowship and of the humanities are hardly less capable of exercise in such an institution than in a full-fledged University, and it is the lack of fellowship and of humane learning which, more than anything else, has encouraged the suspicious and *borné* tendency which finds vent in Welsh Radicalism and Dissent. Meanwhile the mere politician can do something in the same direction. Welshmen are, as a rule, sufficiently alive to their own advantage, and it should not be particularly hard to show them that to throw away the advantages of an Established Church for the sake of gratifying the private grudges and vanities of a single class of the population is scarcely an intelligent proceeding. But outside of this question of Disestablishment there is, let it be repeated, no inducement whatever to Welshmen to become Radical (in Liverpool they are notoriously Conservative), and there is much to induce them to adopt, if not Conservatism, at any rate that reasonable and moderate Liberalism which is nearly as irreconcilably opposed to the Radical faith as Toryism itself. Hitherto, however, these conservative instincts



have been left to take care of themselves; whereas the most sedulous pains have been taken on the other side to stir up the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness which, when the thing comes to be examined, form almost the whole stock-in-trade of Welsh Radicalism. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's proceedings are followed up, the result will not be merely a party advantage, it will be a national gain. For every lever which has been used to move Wales in favour of the Radical party has been in effect a crowbar to lessen its integration in the Empire. In the heap of jarring atoms, with Caucuses and Conferences for the only cement which Radical policy tends to substitute for that Empire, Wales would be a comparatively insignificant and powerless unit; whereas in the actual union she holds a proper and a not unimportant place.

From the purely political point of view, perhaps the most important thing in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speeches was his interesting anecdote of the preparations already made in at least one English county to checkmate the grandmotherliness of the Corrupt Practices Act. That anxious measure forbids the hiring of vehicles under heavy penalties; but it is not yet felony without benefit of clergy to give a friend a lift to the poll. Sir STAFFORD says that in a certain county constituency his own political friends have taken time by the forelock, and have already parcelled out the duty thus devolving on good Conservatives with carriages at their disposal. This is as it should be; and it need hardly be said that the arrangement is a perfectly fair one, since Liberal "carriage company" can go and do likewise to any extent it pleases. It shows, moreover, that the fatal inactivity which, to the dismay as much of good Liberals as of good Conservatives, burdened the country three years ago with the present Parliament and the present Administration has had its day. A political moralist of extreme prudishness may, indeed, shake his head over the fact that it should be necessary, in order to enable English citizens to exercise the chief trust of a citizen, to resort to devices for circumventing the law, instead of to devices for enforcing it. He would be perfectly correct in his general attitude of mind. But circumstances alter cases, and so long as legislative incompetence, striving to seem competent, inflicts Ground Game Acts, Land Acts, Sunday Closing Acts, Corrupt Practices Acts, and other similar things upon the nation, so long must common sense be allowed to use its own fashion of strictly obeying the law's mischievous letter so as, if possible, to defeat and neutralize its still more mischievous spirit. The Corrupt Practices Act endeavours to deprive those who have a natural claim to influence of that influence; to transfer power from hands which are certain, with rare exceptions, to use it well, to hands which are certain, with rare exceptions, to use it ill; to bring about in England the mischievous divorce of classes which has had such fatal effects in France; to substitute the Caucus and the Conference for the kindly intercourse of neighbours and the selection of the best man in the neighbourhood to represent those neighbours. It is law; and, according to the best traditions of Englishmen, its provisions deserve to be respected with punctual reverence. But it is nothing but law, and wherever it leaves a loophole for common sense, common sense is perfectly justified in applying itself thereto. It will be impossible for the carpet-baggers of the Caucus (or at least it should be impossible for them) to secure the local voluntary assistance which will be cheerfully given if it is only asked for and organized to good men of both parties who are "kenned folk." And, as has been already pointed out, the law is strong enough to make it very unpleasant for any Caucus or Caucus-aided candidate which attempts to supply the want of this assistance by the familiar Caucus methods of bribery and intimidation.

#### THE SLUM AND THE CELLAR.

LORD SALISBURY'S article on Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings in the *National Review* is most opportune. Lord SALISBURY neither sides with the complacent impotence of *laissez faire* nor with the impotent melancholy of pessimism. It is easy to acquiesce in leaving matters alone, it is easy to prove that nothing can be done. Lord SALISBURY shows what has been done, what remains to do or to attempt; and he does not even shrink from advising a wise expenditure of public money in the public interest. "If the causes of disease were inanimate, no one would

"hesitate about employing advances of public money to render them innocuous. Why should the expenditure become illegitimate because these causes happen to be human beings?" This may be called "State Socialism"; but it is not Socialism of a very flamboyant aspect or alarming character. On the whole, the gist of Lord SALISBURY'S article is his demand for "more information"—information which, it will be seen, we are extremely unlikely to get at present from the ordinary sources.

The whole question of the homes of the London poor is one which can never be settled absolutely and perfectly. London is a gigantic Cave of Adullam, which constantly draws to itself every one who is in need, and who not only has no work to do, but would not, or could not, do it if work lay ready to his hand. Suppose that, by means of railway communication and houses in the suburbs, we had found homes for workmen, such as masons and carpenters, who can afford to live at some distance from the scene of their labour. This is but a partial remedy, yet not absolutely useless. Next suppose, and it is supposing a great deal, that decent homes were provided for the numerous people employed by tradesmen, who cannot possibly afford to live far from their shops. There would still remain the floating population of penniless adventurers, idlers as a rule, who live in London on the produce of casual "jobs." Such men are the large class of cab-touts, all the people who hang about theatre doors, all the countless loafers who gather in a moment round every street spectacle and street accident. They and their wives and their large families will be always and irresistibly attracted to London, in the hope of chance earnings, charity, and a life of emotion and adventure. Obviously such persons will herd together, in hideous promiscuity, wherever a worthless and rickety set of walls and roofs permits them to gather. Thus the problem can never be settled once for all; the malady of overcrowding can only be kept by constant watchfulness at its lowest possible level. Meantime there is no such constant watchfulness, the subject is only nibbled at or neglected.

The two methods of dealing with the wretchedness of London are the enactment of new and more stringent laws, and, what is yet more necessary, the enforcement of the laws that actually exist. We showed last week how dilatory is the process of enforcing the present law. Facts prove that the law has not even touched the peril which it was intended to reduce. In spite of the expenditure of vast sums of money in "compensation" and otherwise, rents continue to rise; and, in consequence, overcrowding is worse than ever, and houses worse than ever are inhabited by the poor. Looking first at what a more stringent law might effect, we are reminded of the saying attributed to JOHN KNOX during the Scottish Reformation. "Pull down the nests," he said, "and the crows will never come back." So his followers not reluctantly destroyed the abbeys, cathedrals, and religious houses generally. In the same spirit we may say, "Pull down the rookeries, and rooks of the worst species will keep away." And why are the rookeries not pulled down? For excellent reasons. Their actual value is the price of rotten wood and rubbishy brick. Their artificial or fancy value is extremely high. Thus persons interested in their destruction cannot afford to compensate their owners at the fancy value, while too frequently the owners are either members of the Vestries or have influence with the Vestries which should sweep the property away. Mr. HARRY JONES writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "The removal of bad dwellings is mainly in the hands of Vestries, and the dwellings themselves, in many cases, belong to Vestrymen, who screw a good dividend out of such property." Meanwhile, as the same writer observes, it is impossible even to obtain full knowledge of the state of affairs, knowledge without which all suggestions as to remedies must be almost impotent. "The men who have the information in their hands are the Officers of Health, and their paymasters are the Vestries," while members of Vestries are sometimes privately interested in the very abuse which it is their public duty to remove. The London Diocesan Conference lately attempted (and many minor denominations have followed its example) to throw light on the question of the homes of the poor. They applied for information to some forty Officers of Health, and got meagre replies from three or four. Official answers could not be given without the consent of the Vestries. Here, then, are two things needed. First, what new legislation alone can give, the power to destroy rookeries absolutely unfit for human habitation, without the payment of a fancy price; second, trustworthy and official information about these

rookeries. The information could, doubtless, be elicited by a Royal Commission, and the subject seems to need such an inquiry quite as much as the wrongs of Crofters. But information might also be obtained, and a good deal of actual good might be done, if gentlemen would more frequently endeavour to become members of Vestries. The duty is an unpleasant one, the society which the new class of Vestrymen would have to endure could not be agreeable. But there is a good deal that is not quite agreeable in a Parliament where Home Rulers and Land Leaguers brawl; yet people of good birth and breeding do not leave Parliament absolutely in the hands of rowdies and adventurers. No nostrum of a new Municipality can of itself meet the case, for the constitution of the new body would, without such an infusion as is here recommended, be infallibly worse than the constitution of the old, while that infusion would be even more difficult and improbable. To our mind the philanthropic energy of individuals can find no better field than in braving the eloquence of the Vestry halls, and revealing the performances of the Vestries. The condition of the dwellings of the poor has been "pressed very strongly" on the Vestries by a Parliamentary Committee. But Vestrymen will be more influenced by the independent action of disinterested persons in their own ranks.

Another difficulty in the way of dealing with the whole problem is the absurdly small number of persons officially appointed to inspect and report on the condition of labourers' houses. The Medical Officers of Health, even if they were wholly free from the influence of the Vestries, and even if all Vestrymen were disinterested philanthropists, are too few for their work. In place of some fifty Officers of Health, dependent on local persons concerned, perhaps, in the preservation of bad dwellings, we need a very much larger staff of inspectors dependent on no one but the State. Suppose the Inspectors of Factories were paid by the Vestries, it is only too obvious that their reports would be far from severe, their action the reverse of stringent. The houses where the poor sleep require attention as much as or more than the factories in which they work. His own interests must, to a certain very moderate extent, check the owner of the factory, but the only interest of the owner of the house is to get as high a rent for as worthless and abominable a den as possible.

Not only must light be thrown on the present condition of existing slums, but the erection of buildings which will presently be even worse slums must be checked. We all can see for ourselves what endless rows of pasteboard cottages on unwholesome foundations of rubbish are being "run up" all round London, and in every vacant space of some large North-Western parishes. The houses look neat enough at present; they seem like the humble homes of small clerks. But, in point of fact, these rows of toy buildings are often let by the single room, or, for the affluent and luxurious, in two rooms. For a few years they may be kept in a kind of semblance of repair and neatness. They will really be degenerating rapidly; the thin roof and attenuated walls will let in the rain, they will be deserted by the first occupiers, they will remain unpapered and unpainted, and, finally, will become dens worse than the worst of those behind Drury Lane. They are far less substantial, and built on far more unwholesome foundations. Thus, even if we had destroyed the old rookeries, we should find new perches ready for the rooks, perches worse than of old. This is the worst of the many dangers connected with rapid and scamped building in the suburbs, building at present as good as unchecked by slack law more slackly administered.

While people generally write as if this plague of overcrowding were peculiar to London, as if only London had a "bitter cry," it should not be forgotten, and Lord SALISBURY has not forgotten, that this question is by no means confined to towns, and that among towns other cities are as bad as, or worse than, London. The low parts of Glasgow could give points to the Borough or the courts behind Drury Lane. The ancient closes of Edinburgh are perhaps more filthy and loathsome, within actual sight of green hillsides and of the sea, than anything that can be witnessed in Seven Dials. It is no local legislation and no local effort merely that can deal with the question of the homes of the poor. The rookeries everywhere should fall. But it would be impolitic and unmanly to urge effort and legislation because the rooks are such dreadfully dangerous persons, and because their politics are to make a snatch at the property of their neighbours. When these politics are put into practice, it is punishment, not charitable sympathy and excuse, that one must deal to the

lowly politicians. Even in Paris, where the poor man had political chances after the siege not likely to be offered him here, even in Paris his efforts ended in a temporary, but stringent, solution of the difficulty. The poor man was thinned out, in consequence of his effort to be practical and carry his politics into the region of fact. Nothing can be weaker than to go about confessing that we are benevolent because we are in a fright. When the poor man's politics urge him to robbery, he finds his way to Mr. SALA's "Gibbet Street," not to his "Tattyboy's Rents," which were, we find, shabby lower middle class thoroughfares, but not slums.

#### M. FERRY'S POSITION.

THE French Chambers may possibly be occupied before the present Session closes with the consequences of M. FERRY's challenge to the Extreme Republicans; but for the moment they are likely to have enough to do in pacifying or aggravating the quarrel which his Ministry has picked with China. It is apparently on this ground that the Radicals have decided to attack him. The motion against the Orleanist Princes has been postponed, and is to be replaced by another directed against his Colonial policy. Whether the Radicals are acting from patriotic motives, or are only intent on upsetting a Minister who has broken the recent traditions of French politics by showing fight against them, they have made their choice of a point of attack with judgment. His Colonial policy is for many reasons M. FERRY's weakest point. It is by no means certain that his brave words at Rouen and Havre would have been followed by corresponding action, and it has yet to be proved that a solid Conservative party can be formed within the Republic. But, if he is resolute, M. FERRY may have a fair chance of success in his internal policy. The mass of the French peasantry and smaller bourgeoisie are exceedingly afraid of the Extreme Republicans. They will remain quiet as long as they think the Government strong enough to keep the anarchists in order, but as soon as they begin to feel afraid they will exert themselves in favour of any party which seems to deserve their trust for the moment. If M. FERRY is persuaded that this immense class is becoming frightened of the Radicals, it will require no great courage on his part to turn upon his late allies, for he would have the support of a party capable of crushing any resistance if it chooses to put forth its strength. It must also be remembered that, if a dissolution took place now, M. FERRY would have the enormous advantage of being at the head of the Administration; and it is more than probable that, if he is defeated in the Chamber, he will appeal to the country. A very little consideration must have shown the various divisions of the Extreme Republicans that it would be a gross folly to provoke a fight on a question of internal policy with a Minister who is quite prepared for a dissolution and reasonably confident of securing a large majority. In matters of foreign policy M. FERRY's position is much weaker. Under his Ministry France has become isolated in Europe, and Colonial affairs have been so managed that it has before it the disagreeable prospect of having to choose between a distant and costly war with China and a diplomatic defeat. This unpleasant state of things may not be wholly the fault of M. FERRY; but he would unquestionably be made the scapegoat if the majority of Frenchmen are seriously alarmed about them. A defeat on a Colonial question in the Chamber might mean a defeat on his whole policy, for he could scarcely venture to appeal to the country. In France, out of office is out of sight and out of mind. M. FERRY the Deputy would be incomparably less formidable to the Radicals than M. FERRY the Minister. He is far too considerable a man to drop into the background like General THIBAUDIN; but he might soon find himself sharing the decent obscurity of M. FREYCINET.

If the frequently repeated assertion that Frenchmen are above all things anxious to be at peace is based upon anything better than guesswork, the Memorandum which Ministers have prepared for the Chambers will be a formidable weapon in the hands of their enemies. This document has of course been carefully edited. It is a statement of the case for M. FERRY's Ministry prepared by the best advocate among them. The Chinese side of the question is put in the worst possible light, and many awkward details are lightly passed over. All through it is taken for granted that the quarrel has been forced on the French. They have



undertaken to conquer Tonquin simply because convenient circumstances made it necessary for them to take steps in defence of their interests. Not a word is said of the nature of their claim on the country. M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR finds it unnecessary to go behind the first treaty with Annam. Nothing is said about the fact that the French title to occupy posts on the Red River was given by a trading adventurer in search of openings for business, and a naval officer who acted without orders. It is just such a right as a troop of trappers or traders could give the Government of the United States over any district in Mexico or in Canada. The Chinese despatches quoted in the Memorandum have first been subjected to manipulation by some diplomatic BOWDLER. But, after overlooking much and suppressing much, and misrepresenting not a little, the French Ministers cannot conceal the fact that they have so managed business that war has become almost inevitable. It will be equally painful to them to learn that they have been outwitted by the Imperial Chinese Government, which has kept their agents negotiating with subordinates whom it was always prepared to disavow. Meanwhile it has profited by the time gained to concentrate troops towards its southern frontier, and shows less sign of a disposition to yield than ever. So far from showing fear of a war with France, the Chinese Government has been steadily raising its demands. When the BOURÉE Treaty which France rejected was drawn up China seemed disposed to yield a great deal. It was ready to be content with a purely formal suzerainty over Annam, and to recognize the establishments of the French in Tonquin, provided a strip of neutral territory was left to cover its own borders in Yunnan. The French Ministry refused to ratify this treaty, partly because they held with some show of reason that a reserved territory would soon become an Alsatia, but more because their great object in occupying Tonquin was to open the road for trade to Yunnan. The rejection of the treaty and the recall of the negotiator did not, however, improve the French position. M. TRICOU's threats obtained rather less than M. BOURÉE's diplomacy, and at last the Chinese Government has come forward with a statement of the bases on which it thinks a satisfactory treaty may be concluded. Unless this document is meant merely to raise discussion and to spin out negotiations, it commits the Chinese Government to a position which will make war inevitable. The French are not merely required to give securities that they will advance no further, but to surrender what they already possess. They must, if they wish for a secure peace with China, retire from the cities they have occupied in the Song Koi Valley. A neutral zone must be formed, not across the frontier of Yunnan, but across the south-eastern part of Tonquin itself. The French will be confined to the provinces which they gained years ago from Annam, which will continue to be under the direct suzerainty of China. To judge by the wording of these claims, the Chinese Government has quite made up its mind that war with France is safer than submission to its further advance. This is not a very promising state of things. Nor is the minor embroilment with Madagascar in a much more satisfactory condition; but M. FERRY has prudently compromised the difficulty with England by a small *solutum* to Mr. SHAW and an apology, which, it may be hoped, is ample, to the country.

The Radicals are probably justified in believing that the mass of the French voters will not be pleased to learn that the first fruits of the Colonial policy which promised great things are wars and rumours of wars. It is to be observed that Ministers and Ministerial prints in Paris are much less confident that China is only engaged in a game of brag, and will yield rather than fight. They do not openly acknowledge that the alternative before them is war or withdrawal, but they no longer deny it. There can be few intelligent Frenchmen who are now ignorant of the fact that war with China would entail the despatch of 30,000 men and a great outlay of money. But it by no means follows that either the Chamber or the country would be wise in censuring M. FERRY. In the first place, France has been committed too far in Tonquin to make an unconditional retreat possible without the last degree of dishonour. China, too, may be found more pliant if it appears that M. FERRY will be supported. It will not be overlooked that the keenest opponents of a stirring Colonial policy are to be found among the politicians who insist that French troops should be reserved for service against Germany. To keep them at home on any such understanding would be a

menace, and quite the reverse of a measure to maintain peace. The considerations make it probable that M. FERRY will find it easier to obtain approval for his Colonial policy than his enemies in France and his critics abroad seem inclined to think.

#### RESULTS OF THE LEEDS CONFERENCE.

THE unanimity, such as it was, of the late meeting at Leeds adds little to the authority of its decisions. Persons associated for the purpose of promoting a common object are generally unanimous; and it is only surprising that at Leeds the solitary dissident was the most conspicuous member of the assembled faction. If Mr. BRIGHT is excepted on the ground that he was not an elected delegate, the members of the Conference differed in opinion only on secondary questions. As none of them would have been included in their respective Caucuses, if they had entertained any doubts of the expediency of acquiring for their party a monopoly of political power, it is not surprising that they were all of the same mind. In one respect the Radical managers have shown sound judgment. Mr. MORLEY, who seems to be accepted as a principal leader of the revolutionary movement, has many qualifications for the office. An accomplished scholar, a fluent and lucid writer, and an able speaker, he is as deeply convinced as the silliest and vulgarest among his followers, if not of the divine right of the sovereign multitude, at least of its capacity to accomplish the changes which he thinks desirable. With his customary candour and honesty, Mr. MORLEY deliberately assumes the titular designation of Radical, which Mr. BRIGHT, after fifty years of Radical activity, takes occasion to disclaim. No other eminent member of the dominant section of the Liberal party found it convenient to attend. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who may perhaps be the future leader, with Mr. MORLEY for his principal lieutenant, can scarcely have been deterred from joining the Conference by scruples of official propriety. In the course of the summer he delivered a speech at Birmingham which showed his indifference to the hesitation of his colleagues; and it may be added that the PRIME MINISTER could have raised no objection to his concurrence in democratic agitation. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, though a member of the Government, was allowed to share in the dictation applied by the Conference to the Cabinet. CANNING, PEEL, PALMERSTON, or Lord JOHN RUSSELL would have instantly dismissed a Junior Lord of the Treasury who had been guilty of similar presumption.

It was natural, though superfluous, that the speakers at the Conference should expatiate in detail on the well-known inequality of existing constituencies. It has not been by accident, but of set purpose, that the Legislature and the statesmen who controlled its deliberations have provided by a rough-and-ready contrivance for the participation of the middle classes in the direction of national policy. No equally unobjectionable method of protecting minorities has at any time been devised. Three-cornered constituencies, limitation of the number of votes, and even Mr. HARE's plan for representing England on the system which perhaps prevails in Laputa, are rejected with unqualified contempt by the advocates of the supremacy of numbers. Universal suffrage is extremely unlikely to bind itself by artificial restrictions. At the moment when the gulf, which may perhaps widen into an impassable chasm, is opening between himself and his former allies, Mr. BRIGHT, who has on this as on other points been uniformly consistent, is not less vehement than formerly in condemning newfangled schemes for the representation of minorities. When it is shown that an elector in Leeds or Manchester has, in a certain sense, only a twentieth or a hundredth part of the voting power of a householder somewhere else, there is not necessarily either inconvenience or injustice in a distribution which is confessedly unequal. The member for a small borough may perhaps represent property and intelligence more fully than the nominee of a great constituency. He is, as experience shows, much more likely to exercise an independent judgment than if he were selected by a Caucus.

If, in accordance with the resolutions of the Leeds Conference, a franchise Bill is followed by a measure of redistribution, some conflict may possibly arise within the ranks of the Radical party. At present Mr. MORLEY and his friends are closely allied with the followers of Mr. PARNELL, who will not be disposed to surrender any share of Parlia-

mentary influence; yet it will be necessary for the sake of uniformity to disfranchise nearly all the Irish boroughs and to diminish the whole number of Irish votes. The Scotch are for the present content with a smaller proportionate share in the representation; but, if the entire electoral system is to be reconstructed, they will scarcely acknowledge the superior claims of Ireland. Less difficulty might perhaps be found in dealing with the claims of London, in the hope that Marylebone and the Tower Hamlets may probably be as Radical as Leeds or Birmingham. Mr. FIRTH may console himself for the contemptuous indifference with which his advocacy of a metropolitan revolution was received by the certainty that the present Corporation is too wealthy to escape plunder when London returns seventy or eighty members. Although the future victors may perhaps quarrel over the division of the spoils, the main object of the Leeds delegates will be attained if their demands are conceded by Parliament. The advocates of promiscuous suffrage have never disputed the proposition that the supremacy in town and country of the single class which lives on weekly wages will practically disfranchise, not only landowners, capitalists, and the members of the liberal professions, but tradesmen, farmers, and the great community which is vaguely but intelligibly designated as the middle class. It will be well if the only mischief resulting from the change is the retirement from political life of all those who have hitherto taken a part in public affairs. The discredit which, through the operation of the same causes, attaches to politicians in the United States, is a minor evil where the foundations of society are exempt from disturbance. Even in France the menaces which are incessantly directed against capitalists by workmen have hitherto been comparatively innocuous, because Jacobins and Socialists fear to attack the landed proprietors, who, with their families, constitute a third of the total population. Mr. BRIGHT once, in an unusually thoughtful mood, remarked that household or universal suffrage would be far more revolutionary in England than in any other country. The supreme control of affairs will be exercised by artisans and labourers, who will deal at their pleasure with property in the hands of a powerless minority. The real leaders of the present movement have already intimated their intention of gratifying to some undefined extent the inevitable aspirations of the recipients of wages. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MORLEY have deliberately denounced the owners of all kinds of property as persons who neither toil nor spin. It may be added that agitators of their intellectual rank are not likely to propose the subversion of existing society without some practical object beyond the gratification of the vanity of their followers.

The purpose and tendency of the Leeds Conference were sufficiently intelligible beforehand to prevent the attendance of more than a single member of the Liberal party. Mr. HENEAGE probably regretted that he had, perhaps inadvertently, found himself committed to the policy of an uncongenial faction; or he may have thought it prudent to do penance for one or two injudicious acts of independence. The Liberals have not yet been eliminated, like the members of the same party in Ulster, from the political community; but they are beginning to shrink from contact with their implacable adversaries. HORNE TOOKE argued long ago that he was justified in going as far as Hounslow with a companion who intended to proceed to Windsor; but he would probably have declined the joint expedition if he had known that his proposed companion was going to Windsor to commit a burglary there. It has at last dawned on Mr. BRIGHT's intelligence that equal and universal suffrage is designed as a means to an end. It is for this reason that he warns his younger associates that some of their schemes are premature, and that other intended measures will at no time secure his approval. He cannot refer to the Disestablishment of that Church which he still regards with undiminished antipathy, or to the destruction of the House of Lords, which, in his opinion, cannot permanently exist in a free country. An Assembly which has lasted for six hundred years may, in comparison with many political institutions, be regarded as tolerably permanent; but for Mr. BRIGHT history has always begun about the time of the American Rebellion. For the present purpose it is enough to repeat that it is not from regard to the Church or the House of Lords that "high-reaching BUCKINGHAM grows circumspect." His prototype in SHAKESPEARE, after concurring in the usurpation of the Crown by his formidable patron, drew the line at the suggested murder of King EDWARD's children. Mr. BRIGHT,

whether or not he may have been rightly described as a Radical, was never an anarchist or a Communist. He has now begun to suspect that his younger associates are leading him where he had no intention of going. He could not reject the opportunity of repeating once more the familiar string of commonplaces by which he has so often won the applause of Radicals who deemed that he was one of themselves; but he protests with evident sincerity against results which no man has done more to produce.

It will be interesting to learn whether Mr. BRIGHT's scruples are shared by a still more powerful politician. Mr. GLADSTONE, notwithstanding his Irish legislation, has not yet professed himself adverse to the fundamental institution of property. His opinions are so unstable and so little capable of being reduced into a definite form that he may, perhaps, agree with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MORLEY; but he is also capable of misapprehending the tendency of his own political doctrines. About twenty years have passed since he astonished the House of Commons and the Cabinet of which he was a member by a sudden and passionate vindication of universal suffrage; but Mr. GLADSTONE is more likely than his adherents at the Leeds Conference to have been actuated by a merely sentimental devotion to the supposed claims of what he called flesh and blood. Such blindness to consequences is exhibited on the present occasion by shallower politicians. It might have been supposed that the *Times* was still an organ of moderate Liberalism, which on fundamental questions is scarcely distinguishable from Conservatism; yet, since the proclamation at Leeds of theories which were long since notoriously held by the Caucus and its managers, the *Times* professes to believe that the question of the franchise is irrevocably settled. The same authority may be quoted for the corollary that all votes ought to have an equal value, or, in other words, that they should be distributed among equal electoral districts. The transfer of all legislative and administrative power to the promoters of revolution is not even taken into consideration by the eager convert of the party which is supposed to be about to win. Sycophantic reverence for superior force is as prevalent in the days of democratic agitation as under despotism or oligarchy. In the present instance it might be prudent to wait till the Caucuses have proved that they are irresistible.

#### IRELAND.

IT would be waste of time to speculate at great length on the rumours of an intended attack on the Marquess of LANSDOWNE. Fortunately the prophecy, whether inspired or not, was not fulfilled. It is by no means impossible that, had not the authorities been on their guard, some attempt might have been made of the kind indicated. The sole probability on the other side, and it must be admitted that it is one of weight, consists in the invariable cowardice which has distinguished every Irish crime of the last four years. The irregulars of the "National" party have exhibited considerable variety in the details of their crimes. But they have never omitted to secure the advantage of overwhelming numbers, or of a safe retreat, or of both. No attack on Lord LANSDOWNE could have been made on this occasion without an extremely strong probability of immediate punishment. That the spirit of the Irish Irreconcilables is in no way altered, that the vain hope of conciliation is as vain as ever, will scarcely be doubted by any reasoning Englishman. With the arrival of early darkness and long nights Captain Moonlight is once more abroad in the devoted province of Munster, and his victims as before are invariably the innocent and generally the defenceless. Unfortunately this is the beginning only of the Irish criminal season, and its calendar is not any the more likely to be a light one because the leaders of the agitation appear for the moment to be more at a loss for a policy, or at least for a cry, than they have been for some time.

The almost complete silence of Mr. PARNELL since the prorogation cannot be said to have been compensated by any very efficient utterance on the part of his lieutenants. The invasion of Ulster, conducted under safeguard of Saxon bayonets and Castle constabulary, was an ignominious failure; and since its repulse Mr. SEXTON and Mr. HEALY have scarcely retrieved their position by exhausting the vocabulary even of Irish abuse alternately on the Ulstermen who would have none of them, and the Government which saved them from still more pronounced expressions of Ulster feeling. The National League is hardly in a flourishing position, and its most energetic partisans are hardly



taking the way to make it popular. The detachment which, under Mr. DAVITT's leading, has gone wool-gathering after the nationalization of the land, is scarcely pursuing a course likely to be warmly approved by the recipients of the new twenty-five per cent. property tax on the landlords. No exertions have induced the Irish farmers to do anything for the Irish labourers, and no ingenuity has yet devised a probable means of benefiting the Irish labourers at the expense of any one but the Irish farmers. The real capital of the agitation—the body of undying unreasoning hatred against England—is indeed intact, but for the moment opportunities of applying it are not too numerous or promising. The strong government of Lord SPENCER holds all but isolated and individual crime in check, and Lord SPENCER's colleagues have not yet developed the schemes they have vaguely indicated of putting more political, social, and financial power in the hands of the Nationalists. Mr. PARNELL, who has made few mistakes in his brief career, and has usually redeemed those mistakes very cleverly, is probably aware that the folly of English Radicals, and the determination of Mr. GLADSTONE to be a liberator *quand même*, will play his game for him without any more exertion on his own part for the present. But his zealous lieutenants are not likely to forget the lesson which the PRIME MINISTER impressed on them once for all, or to suffer England to forget Ireland for want of a murder or two. It is only to be hoped that the relaxations which have been made in some of the special arrangements for applying the Coercion Acts will have no ill result. In reason no relaxation is possible. The purpose for which a certain coat was taken off is not achieved, and, excellent as Lord SPENCER's administration has been, very many years of such administration, accompanied by an entire cessation of the mischievous hopes which Ministers are perpetually holding out to Irish discontent, would be required before the great task of inducing Irishmen to perform their duty towards their neighbour (in which simple phrase the whole Irish question is summed up) is accomplished.

Unfortunately, the one great obstacle to the performance of this task, the crass stupidity or the blind partisanship with which a certain section of English politicians decline to recognize its nature, is far from being removed. Nothing more edifying, and not many things more disheartening, could have occurred than the comments of outraged English Radicalism on Lord ROSMORE's letter in reference to the Ulster invasion. That Lord ROSMORE and other Orange leaders used, during the late events, language which is not customary in English politics is unfortunately true. We do not in England call our political opponents "scum." But then our political opponents, whatever they may do shortly, have not hitherto taken to the gun, the bludgeon, the "card," and the knife as the implements of their political propaganda. The amazing incompetence of English Radical criticism could hardly be better illustrated than by the gravity with which one writer has compared the Parnellite meetings to those of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY, and asked whether, if Lord ROSMORE were a Roman Catholic, he would demand the suppression of these latter. It is not necessary to regard Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY with much favour. But it is not known that the tendency of these persons' teaching is to recommend disloyalty to the Crown, disruption of the Empire, and confiscation of the property of a whole class of Irish or English citizens. Mr. SANKEY's hearers do not, so far as the public are aware, hiss the National Anthem; and Mr. MOODY has never been accused of preaching doctrines, which the disciples take, if the teachers do not intend them, as signifying that every man who asks for what is due to himself shall be shot, and that every man who pays what is due to others shall be tortured or terrorized. The mutilation of cattle is not to the general knowledge a part of Moody-and-Sankeyism; nor, whatever its creed may be, is it supposed to have taken the "not" out of the Commandments. A comparison of the kind shows one of two things—either an audacious presumption on the ignorance of Englishmen generally, or a serene disregard of all the facts. The language of Orangemen may be violent, and their custom of emphasizing it with pistol shots is one altogether lacking in repose, and by no means to be recommended for general imitation. But all testimonies agree that on these occasions their leaders, including Lord ROSMORE himself, used, and successfully used, all their influence to prevent violence in fact. And it is perfectly idle to deny that the indignation felt by them at the Parnellite invasion was not only natural, but even, to no small extent, praiseworthy. It may suit the purposes of

English politicians, who for this reason or for that wish to conciliate the Irish vote, to cry shame when any one attempts to connect the Parnellite tree with the Parnellite fruits. In Ireland, where men see the one growing on the other, these nice distinctions are naturally unappreciated. The unruly and combative persons who wasted much good revolver ammunition at Rosslea know perfectly well what meetings of this kind mean. They know that every drop of blood spilt in Ireland, from the murder of Lord MOUNTMORRES to the attack on the gamekeeper LUCY this very week, has been directly or indirectly the result of them. They know, if their English friends do not, that land reform and administrative reform are the merest cover under which the trenches of the movement for separation are being steadily pushed onwards. They do not regard the knife of the late Mr. BRADY as an interesting historical instrument of constitutional agitation, or the bludgeons which smashed the JORCE family as venerable emblems of an orderly struggle for national independence. These things are brought to their doors and flourished in their faces by men some of whom have actually been in prison for acts savouring more or less of sedition, and others of whom have not hesitated to express sympathy with proved murderers. In such a case, no doubt, the duty of the civilized modern man is clear. He ought carefully to shut himself up in his house, unload any weapon he may happen to have about him, and, if his indignation is quite uncontrollable, write to the papers. The Ulster Orangemen have not yet reached this pitch of civilization, which may be admitted and, if any one pleases, regretted. But how, on patriotic and moral principles, they can be very seriously blamed for resenting an open assault on the Constitution and the moral law is not very clear. It is perhaps still less clear, not on patriotic, but on party Radical principles, how the vast majority of a population can be forbidden to express in the way which seems best to them their political will. This last argument is very far from being put forward here with approval; but the admirers of the Leeds Conference will find it a hard one to answer.

#### SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

ON Wednesday last, the 24th inst., Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE entered on the hundredth year of his age. It is given to few men to attain so great an age, and to fewer still, if they do so, to retain their powers of action and of enjoyment; and few indeed, whether young or old, can be so happy in the retrospect of a life spent in promoting the welfare of others. In the case of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE character and fortune have combined to render the anniversary which is about to be celebrated one which can but rarely fall to the lot of any man. Wealth, long life, health, energy, and the fixed purpose to do good are not the only conditions which win from the public so hearty and unanimous a tribute of esteem as that which is now paid to Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE. His life, or at least that part of it which chiefly interests the public, has been spent in those works of philanthropy which win the sympathy of men of all parties and creeds alike. A man of the same stamp thrown into political life could hardly obtain a similar recognition from the world. In many fields of human activity it is impossible to accomplish anything without the risk of enmity and obloquy. Before a man has won his way to a position in which he can exercise any wide influence for good, the opponents whom he has overcome and the competitors whom he has left behind in the race often form a body not less numerous than his friends and supporters. It is one of the advantages of a career like that of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE that it reduces to a minimum a man's chances of hostility from his fellow-men. To do many things in life, however good and necessary to be done, a man must actively put himself into opposition to others; it has been the good-fortune of Sir MOSES to have laboured in a field where the good wishes of all right-minded people went with him.

Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE was born at Leghorn in the year 1784. The family is said to have taken its name from the little town of Montefiore, on the other side of the Apennines. It is by no means certain, however, that this is the case. It is true that when Jews first began to adopt surnames after the Christian fashion they very commonly, especially in Germany, took them from the names of towns, as in the case of Breslauer, Oppenheim, and many others of the same kind. But in many instances

they chose fancy names—such as Rothschild, Blumenthal, and so forth; and it is quite possible that the name of Montefiore may be due to the latter principle of selection instead of the former. The Jews in Leghorn, like those in Holland, consisted mainly of refugees from Spain, who have been said to have constituted the aristocracy of the Jewish race. After spending some years on the Stock Exchange in London, Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE retired with a sufficient fortune; and thenceforth, while interested in several large public Companies, devoted his time and energy mainly to works of philanthropy, and especially to the improvement of the condition of his own people in all parts of the world. It is by these efforts that his name will be chiefly remembered. It is seldom that any life has shown a record of more consistent and unwearied devotion to so good a cause. Seven times he has visited Palestine to investigate and relieve the distresses of his co-religionists, where, as we read in the interesting notices of his life in the *Times*, “his brethren crowded round him, kissing the hem of his garment, and whole cities went out to meet him for miles along the way.” His last visit to the Holy Land was made when he was over ninety years of age. “In Palestine,” we read in the same notice, “Sir MOSES has endowed hospitals and almshouses, set on foot agricultural enterprises, planted gardens, dug wells, constructed aqueducts, built synagogues and wells.” More than fifty years ago he visited MEHEMET ALI at Cairo, and the acquaintance then formed was one of many which Sir MOSES was afterwards able to use for the benefit of his people. He succeeded in obtaining permission from MEHEMET ALI for Jews to acquire land. In 1840, when a charge, as ridiculous as that which was recently the subject of a trial in Hungary, was brought against some Jews of Damascus, Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE intervened actively on their behalf, and finally obtained their release, not, however, till three had already died under torture. In the same year he won a still greater triumph, and prevailed on the Sultan to issue a firman placing Jews in a position of equality with all other subjects of the Ottoman Empire. A few years later he went to St. Petersburg to plead the cause of his people with the Czar. Such success as he then obtained had not all the wide and permanent results which he desired. Russia, after the lapse of nearly forty years, remains one of the countries in which the condition of the Jews, though changed for the better, is least satisfactory. Sir MOSES was still less fortunate with the Papal Court, from which he vainly attempted to procure the release of the young MORTARA. He has crossed the desert to Morocco, being then nearly eighty years old, and received from the Sultan pledges of protection for the Jews living in that State. Wherever, in fact, there has been need or suffering among his people in any part of the world he has been the first to come forward on their behalf.

Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE has now almost lived through the century which has seen greater changes in the world's history than have ever happened within a similar period. The French Revolution, the growth of the United States and of the British Colonies, the consolidation of the English rule in India, the unification of Germany and Italy, the fall of the temporal power of the Pope, the progress of democracy, the great industrial and scientific inventions—all fall within his memory. In the matter which has lain nearest to his heart the changes also have been many and great. The position which his people now hold, compared with that which they occupied a century ago, is as striking an illustration of the course which the world's history is taking as any that could be named. Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE has lived to see a statesman of Jewish birth directing the policy of the British Empire; and he has seen, in the most advanced and civilized countries of the world, the gradual abolition of every one of the legal restrictions which once condemned the Jews to be a separate and inferior caste. It is a noteworthy fact that this change, unlike many others which have taken place within the same period, has not been extorted from the governing classes by violence or the fear of violence, but has been conceded from a simple sense of justice. It is certain that, whatever the Jews may still have to suffer in certain parts of Europe, they will, before many years are over, win the same practical equality with their fellow-citizens which they enjoy in England. It is a favourite argument with the advocates of the *Judenhetze* that the English Jews, whose patriotism and public spirit are beyond question, come of a better stock than the Jews in Austria, Germany, and Russia, and that what may be given to the one cannot be safely granted to

the other. Race undoubtedly counts for something, and of this the whole history of the Jewish people is a proof. But it is wholly arbitrary to put down the difference between English and Continental Jews mainly to the special descent of the former (which, after all, applies only to a minority among them), when a much plainer and more natural explanation of the fact is forthcoming. When men are treated as citizens, they are likely to behave as citizens; when they are treated as members of a separate caste, they are likely to feel as members of a separate caste. In England a Jew has the same rights and chances in life as anybody else. It is not surprising, therefore, that an English Jew, while retaining his feeling of race, should be able to share the feelings of the society in which he lives. Where he is subject to disabilities, it is impossible that this should be the case; but in this respect the Jew does not differ from men of any other race or belief. For the disabilities, varied by an occasional outbreak of persecution, which once prevailed generally, and which still prevail in some countries, there is, however, a certain logical justification, barbarous as is the spirit that underlies them. The theory of persecution is that the goodwill of a certain class of people is sacrificed in order to render them harmless. But unless persecution is thorough, it is worse than useless and defeats its own end. Here lies the almost incomprehensible folly of the *Judenhetze* in Germany. Few if any of those by whom it is carried on propose that a Jew should not be a lawyer, doctor, journalist, professor, or member of Parliament; and yet they carry on in the press and in society a violent polemic against Jews, because in such walks of life as these they obtain a success quite out of proportion to their numbers. A more reasonable spirit will in time prevail. That men of all classes and creeds must be equal before the law is a principle which will as certainly be recognized in the countries which are less civilized as it is in those which are more advanced. Few have done as much in winning this equality for the Jews as Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE. He has done so not only by his active labours in the cause of his people, but also by the sympathy and respect which his high personal character has gained from men of every creed and party.

#### THE END OF THE PERUVIAN WAR.

THERE seems little reason to doubt the announcement that peace has been concluded between General YGLESIAS (as representing Peru) and the Government of Chili. As was to be expected, the advocates of a rival Peruvian faction dispute the meaning of the intelligence, but there is a fair chance that the arrangement will, as far as such arrangements are ever final in South America, put an end to the calamities of the last five years. General YGLESIAS was by far the most promising of the candidates for the doubtful privilege of undertaking Peruvian reconstruction; and it is asserted (of course with the inevitable denial corresponding) that every part of Peru, except Arequipa and a district round it, acquiesces in his leadership. It is probable that the terms are nominally severe; and they very likely include, besides the cession of the originally disputed territory, the temporary holding by Chili of some of the southern ports of inhabited Peru as a security for whatever war indemnity may be levied. It is improbable that Peru can afford to pay much, though the Chilean expenses can certainly be no trifle. If the Chileans avoid the temptation of giving themselves a handle for future interference with Peruvian affairs by fixing an impossible indemnity, they will show more wisdom than is common with conquerors. But it is very likely that they have had enough of the tedious business of occupying a country which will neither fight nor yield. Peru has not hitherto been a political model, but it has been among the most stable of the South American communities, except Chili herself and Brazil. The restoration of even this comparative stability will be a task of more than ordinary difficulty, even if General YGLESIAS is not met by the peculiar forms of obstruction and opposition which are (in the medical, if not in the legal sense) constitutional in South America.

The war, which in a few weeks would have lasted for the space of no less than five years, has, by the despairing confession of those who have paid most attention to it, failed altogether to interest the British public. This may have been partly due to the extraordinary slowness with which news concerning it was transmitted. For the



telegraph has had the effect of making most Englishmen regard as ancient history anything which happened earlier than the day before yesterday. Had any daily newspaper accidentally or purposely despatched Special Correspondents to Peru, or had, as has sometimes happened, a Correspondent of ability developed himself on the spot, matters might have been different. Here, again, it is impossible not to recognize the curious action and reaction of the complicated modern machinery for writing history, whereby history occasionally fails to get written at all. There must, of course, be added to this that, as in all such cases, most Englishmen really interested were interested beforehand on one side or the other. Yet the affair has been fertile in curious incidents and characteristics. The time during which it has lasted has, in European war, been hardly paralleled for nearly three-quarters of a century. Its land battles have been contested with a furious determination very rare in these days of long ranges, scientific manœuvring, and obliging recognition by the outmanœuvred of the fact of their defeat. On sea it has provided the comparatively unobservant and ungrateful historian with the only fight between iron-clads yet on record that can be taken as in any way characteristic and instructive. Diplomatically, it was the occasion of an attempt (fortunately not backed by the Government or people of the United States) to put on the already unreasonable Monroe doctrine an extension more unreasonable than anything known since the famous division of the unknown world between Spain and Portugal. The length of time which has elapsed since the capture of the Peruvian capital and the defeat of the last considerable Peruvian force, without the country being completely or formally subjugated, has, like other phenomena just mentioned, been contrary to European experience, and, though it is explicable enough, the explanation is not uninteresting or unimportant. But all these reasons for attention have proved unavailing as against the lack of information on the subject, the remarkable and apparently increasing incuriousness of the average Englishman as to matters which happen a long way off, and perhaps also a kind of survival of impatience at the disappointment of the fantastic hopes which sixty years ago men who might have known better formed or encouraged, because certain communities, for the most part quite unfitted for freedom, chose to assert boisterously that they were free.

The history for the last hundred years of the two great continents which are separated by the South Atlantic is not altogether encouraging to the political optimist. And, as South America has had a much longer time and much more favourable circumstances in which to develop herself than Africa, her case is the least encouraging of the two. Chili, however, though doleful accounts of the evil effects of the war upon the manners and morals of her citizens are sometimes given, has hitherto had the best record of any South American State, and for this reason, if for no other, it is possible to be glad of her success. The original cause of the war, like the original causes of all wars, will no doubt always be disputed; but the Chilean theory that Peru and Bolivia conspired to make the attack, and were simply anticipated in self-defence by their Southern neighbour, has the balance of probability, if not of evidence. It seems likely that there is hardly room for two naval Powers on the Western coast of the continent. Of the two, Chili is from physical causes, as well as by her success in the late struggle, best qualified to enjoy the inspiring and honourable, but costly, and to her not obviously useful, possession of a navy. The semi-civilized State of Bolivia disappeared early from the contest, and is probably destined to make little independent figure at any future time. Undoubtedly South America is from physical conformation difficult to arrange politically with anything like a durable symmetry. If there was little else to be said for the domination of Spain, it at least prevented the several districts from fighting with one another. So soon as the huge Spanish-American Empire broke up the fragments were sure to disagree; but until the invention of the powerful war-ships which enable a State that chooses to go to the expense of them and knows how to use them almost to be certain of success over less provident rivals, their disagreements could hardly result in wars on the great scale. The distances were too great, the mountains and the forests and the *llanos* too impassable. The obliging shipyards of England enabled Chili to trump her opponent's hand with the *Blanco Encalada* and the *Almirante Cochrane*. The smaller American States have as yet not taken to this expensive and destructive game, which was played

some years ago on the other side of the continent by Brazil and the Argentine Republic against Paraguay. In that contest the most flourishing region of the continent next to Chili herself was utterly ruined. Peru, it is to be hoped and believed, is not in so bad a case now as Paraguay was then. But as each half of the continent has now had, not merely its wars of independence, which might be excusable, but its war with the exiguity of excuse proper to wars not of independence, it would seem that South America might fairly abandon itself to the arts of peace. Even its notorious dissensions have not prevented European capital from flowing thither in some degree already, and a cessation of those dissensions would certainly be followed by a still greater flow. Unfortunately, it is a very moot point how far the Hispano-Indian inhabitants of the continent either care for or are suited for the arts of peace. They like fighting; they like politics of an extremely "accidental" kind. They have no objection to the loaves and fishes of office. In Chili, and in Chili almost alone, they have shown the commercial and political ability which frequently go together; but, on the other hand, Chili has hitherto been the least democratic of all the States, and it is said to have changed in this respect not a little for the worse of late years. The shadow of the domination of the United States, which is the only foreign domination any of these communities have to fear, is still very far off, and if the Panama Canal ever becomes an accomplished fact, it will be further off than ever. But perhaps the most unfortunate thing for South America is that European immigrants of the really valuable immigrant type do not reach her in sufficient numbers; those who do go are simply persons who go to make a certain amount of money, it may be on the great scale, like the English and the Germans, or on a small one, like the Italian colonists in Buenos Ayres, and return. Spaniards have long ceased to find their way abroad in any numbers; they might not be welcome if they came, and, what is more, their tendency to become Creoles, in the sense in which that word is usually used in England, would probably reassert itself. All that can be said is that the settlement of the Chili-Peru quarrel at least makes the west coast of South America once more a possible field for European enterprise, which has hitherto been grievously checked by it.

#### THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

IN the province of Artois, twenty miles to the south of St. Omer, on the left of the road which runs from that place to Abbeville, stands an insignificant village inhabited mostly by small farmers and peasants. In front stretches a level and well-cultivated plain rising gently on the south side towards the hamlets of Maisonnelle and Tramecourt. Some twenty years ago an English traveller in these parts complained that he could find no one to help him in the purpose of his journey. None of these honest peasants seemed to remember, perhaps did not even know, that they were tilling historic ground.

Little they thought on those strong limbs  
That moulder deep below.

Some traces of an old castle, that the plough has still spared, met his eye on the north side of the plain; but the most conspicuous object—for all the woods that once crowded its surface had long ago been uprooted—were two mills standing near together by the high road, and some huts used by the millers for the storage of their sacks. "Caring for little," says our traveller, "beyond the wind blowing and the wheels going, these worthies appear to question whether there was any battle there at all." Yet this village and this plain are the plain and the village of Agincourt.

When Harfleur surrendered on September 22nd, 1415, Henry called a council of war. The debate was long and anxious. Though their loss from the natural contingencies of the siege had been comparatively trifling, dysentery had played sad havoc in the English ranks. Many of their best captains had succumbed to it; many, including the King's brother, the young Duke of Clarence, had been forced to return home. When the sick and wounded had been sent back to England, Henry found left for further service not more than one-half of the force with which he had sailed out of Southampton waters six short weeks before. To attempt any further conquest was, even to his daring spirit, impossible. A bold and successful stroke had been struck; there could be no shame now in turning their faces homewards. On this all were agreed; but next arose the question, should they go on board the fleet then riding at anchor in the mouth of the Seine, or should they march along the coast to Calais? The majority of voices were for present embarkation, but the King's was not with the majority. In vain was it represented to him that a vast force was gathering on the banks of the Somme; that enough had been done for honour; and that by a defeat, which was almost inevitable, more would be lost than they had already won. The King stood firm. An immediate return would be construed into a retreat, and nothing, he declared, with more spirit than reason, should induce him to seem to shun the

men who had unjustly seized his inheritance. Such arguments even the wisest did not dare to answer. It was determined to march on Calais, and by the directest route the country allowed. The walls of Harfleur were repaired; the King's uncle, the Earl of Dorset, was appointed Governor, with a garrison of 1,600 men, Sir John Fastolf or Falstoffs holding the command under him as lieutenant, while another familiar name appears on the roll in the person of Sir Thomas Bardolf—a Sir William Bardolf being, moreover, at that time Governor of Calais. On the 8th October Henry marched out of Harfleur at the head of 9,000 men, and took the straightest road to the Somme. It may be said here, and once for all, that the numbers engaged on either side, both during the siege and at Agincourt, can only be approximately determined, so extraordinary are the discrepancies both in contemporary and subsequent chroniclers, whether French or English. Sir Harris Nicolas, however, whose account of the campaign is probably the safest to follow, after careful examination of all possible authorities, has satisfied himself that the English force which took the field on the 8th October could not possibly have exceeded the number we have given, including the usual complement of followers and non-combatants.

It was Henry's intention to cross the Somme by the ford of Blanchetaque, through which sixty-nine years earlier his great-grandfather had marched to the victory of Cressy. But when, after a few unimportant skirmishes, he had come on October 12th within a few miles of the place, his scouts brought in a prisoner who swore to him that, not only had the ford been made impassable by stakes and palisades, but that it was further guarded by a strong body of the enemy. This was not true, and for this falsehood the French had afterwards to pay dearly; for had the English crossed at this place, it is very probable that no battle of Agincourt would have been fought. Turning then to the right, Henry proceeded up the river to Abbeville, which he reached the next day, but there the evidence of his own eyes was enough to prove that no passage was possible. All the bridges had been broken down, and the French were in force on the opposite bank. The situation of his army at this time was truly critical. In the words of one of his chroniclers, "Rest they could take none, for their enemies were ever at hand; daily it rained, and nightly it froze; of fuel was scarceness, and of fluxes was plenty; money they had enough, but comfort they had none." Nevertheless, they pressed on "so terribly" that their enemies durst not offer battle, till on the 17th they halted on a plain near Corbie. That town was strongly garrisoned, and here a short but brisk encounter took place. The English right was commanded by Sir Hugh Stafford, Lord Bourchier, and so sharp in that quarter was the French attack that the standard of Guienne, then claimed as the heritage of the English Crown, was taken; it was afterwards, however, recovered by one John Bromley, a groom of the King's chamber, for which he was allowed to assume it as his family crest, and was further rewarded by Lord Bourchier with an annuity of 50*l*. Near Corbie, too, a deed was done and punished which has received immortality from Shakespeare:—

Fortune is Bardolph's foe and frowns on him;  
For he hath stolen a pax and hanged must a' be.

One of the English soldiers broke into a neighbouring church and carried off a pyx of copper-gilt, supposing it to be gold ("a pax of little price"), and, in accordance with Henry's proclamation issued on landing, was promptly hanged. From Corbie the march continued to Nesle, which was reached on the following day, and there at last an unguarded ford was found between Bethancourt and Voyenne, by which the army crossed on the afternoon of the 19th, not without difficulty, but without any armed opposition. It now seemed possible that Calais might be reached without a battle, of which perhaps even Henry would at that time have been glad enough to be honourably quit. But on the next day three French heralds made their appearance in camp with a challenge from the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, who demanded to know by what route Henry intended to proceed. "Straight to Calais," was the answer; "and, if my enemies attempt to prevent me, it will be at their peril. I shall not seek them, but the fear of them will not turn me from my road, nor will the sight of them quicken my pace." Then, dismissing the heralds with a royal present, he bade his men hold themselves in instant readiness for battle, and held calmly on his way. By Peronne and St. Pol the route lay, across the Canche at Frevent and the Ternoise at Blangy; no enemy was in sight, but ever as they marched it grew clearer that the armies could not now be far apart, and that any day, any hour, might bring them together. The Ternoise was crossed on the 24th, and as the army was slowly making its way up a hill overhanging the village of Maisonneville, a scout came running, "all wild with haste and fear," to announce the approach of the enemy. A halt was sounded, and the King rode forward to the top of the hill. The report was true. From a valley about a mile distant the French host was seen emerging in three columns, filling, in the words of an eye-witness, "a very large field, as with an innumerable host of locusts." Inclining to the left, they passed round a thick wood and entered the plain in which stand the villages of Agincourt and Ruissauville, where they took up their quarters for the night. The English then descended the hill to Maisonneville, where they found better quarters and better food than they had enjoyed since leaving Harfleur.

The night was passed as Shakespeare has described it. The "confident and over-lusty" French feasted high, dicing with each other for the prisoners they were to win on the morrow, an archer being valued at a blank, and the others in proportion. From the English camp rose only the clank of the

armourer's hammers and the gentler sounds of prayer, while the King himself, we may well believe, spent the anxious hours, as the poet tells us, in walking "from watch to watch, from tent to tent." Towards midnight a body of French, under the Count of Richemont, advanced up to the English lines; but they found no sluggards, and after a short and ineffectual skirmish withdrew to their own quarters.

At daybreak of the 25th, Henry rose and heard Mass. He had put on his costliest mail, wearing the arms of France and England quartered, and on his helmet a jewelled crown in which glittered the great balas ruby, still one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the English regalia. No trumpets sounded as, mounted on a small grey horse, he rode through the camp calling his men to battle. They were drawn up in three divisions, each having touch of the other so as to hide as far as possible their enormous disparity of numbers. The Duke of York led the van, the main division being commanded by the King in person, while Lord Camoys had charge of the rear. In front, massed like a wedge with the broad end to the foe, were ranged those terrible English bowmen whose fathers had won the day at Cressy, as their sons were to win it at Agincourt. Stripped to the waist that they might ply their bows and bills with greater freedom, each one bore, in addition to his weapons of offence, a sharp pointed stake which, after discharging his arrows, he was to plant in the ground as a hedge against the French cavalry. The banner of St. George was borne by a squire of the name of Strickland, who years afterwards was forced to beg from the unworthy son of Henry some recompense for his services on this famous day. The baggage and the sick were left in the village of Maisonneville with so small a guard that the words Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Pistol's page are little less than truth:—"I must stay with the lackeys, with the baggage of our camp; the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys."

In point of position, the English had the advantage; for while their small force was protected by the hedgerows and coppices which enclosed them on either flank, the larger numbers of the French were but hampered by the woods between which their army was posted. It was ranged in three lines, the first led by D'Albret, High Constable of France, and Commander-in-Chief that day; the second by the Dukes of Bar and Alençon; the third, and far the largest, by the Earls of Marle and Falconberg. A picked body of horse under Sir Cligny de Brabant and Louis de Bourbon was detailed to break the English van; while a still larger force under the Count de Vendôme was to take them on the flank. The Dauphin was not there; his father would not suffer him to join the war, and between him and his rival the famous set of tennis was not destined to be played. The different estimates of the French force vary even more preposterously than those of the English; but it can hardly have been less than four times that of the latter, while some of their own chroniclers assert it to have been six times as large, Monstrelet even going so far as to rate it at 150,000 fighting men, which is manifestly absurd. Probably if we put the English at 9,000 and the French at 40,000, we shall get pretty near the truth. So vast a superiority of numbers, had the advantages of ground been equal, must almost inevitably have given the day to the heavier and better armed troops of France; but, in addition to the bad generalship of D'Albret, which gave every advantage to the smaller force, the incessant rains of the last month had made the ground almost impassable to cavalry, while the ponderous mail in which the French footmen of that day were clad sank them at every step into soil over which the more lightly armed English moved with comparative ease.

All was now in readiness. Henry, riding along his lines, bade his men remember their wives and children at home, the great deeds of their fathers, and the justice of their cause (for to the English, then, it seemed only that they were fighting for their lawful heritage), words which were received with shouts of loyalty and confidence. Then, dismounting, he placed himself at the head of the main division, and waited for battle. But the French, remembering the disastrous onset at Cressy, and believing themselves secure in their position, would make no forward movement. While the hours of the morning thus wore on, three French knights were seen approaching, of whom one, the Lord of Hely, was unfavourably known to the English for having broken his parole on a former occasion. According to one account, he came now to challenge to single combat any who had ventured to speak slightly of his honour; according to another, the message was one of negotiation. Whatever might have been the purport of the visit, which is mentioned only by the French chroniclers, nothing came of it. The knights returned to their lines, and Henry determined to wait no longer. Sir Thomas Erpingham, a Knight of the Garter, and one of the oldest and bravest soldiers in the English army, rode to the head of the archers, and, throwing his bâton in the air, called in a loud voice, "Now strike!" At the same moment Henry gave the word, "Banners, advance!" His troops knelt for an instant in prayer, and then, with loud cheers, and trumpets sounding, moved forward on the foe.

The battle began with a furious discharge of English arrows. The French cavalry in vain attempted to break that solid wedge. Unable in the heavy ground and narrow space to gather weight for their charge, and hampered by the closeness of their ranks, they could do little. Barely a quarter of them came into action at all; their leaders were killed; and the horses, galled by the blinding rain of arrows, and unable to pierce the hedge of stakes behind which the English drew their long bows in safety, became unmanageable, and bore back in confusion on their own line.



Henry saw his chance, and ordered the archers to advance. Plucking up their stakes, and slinging their bows behind them, they sprang forward with a shout. Bills and axes completed the work the stout cloth-yard shafts had begun. The French flanks were rolled up into the woods on either side; and, after a few minutes' hand-to-hand fighting, the van was utterly broken. Then Henry, bidding his archers to form again, threw himself at the head of his men-at-arms upon the second line. Here the fighting was fierce indeed, and, for a time, the issue doubtful. The French fought bravely, but, overweighted by their armour, and staggering in the swampy ground, they fell fast. So thick was the slaughter round the English banners that it is said the corpses were piled one above another to the height of a man; and mounting on this ghastly barricade the English hacked and hewed away at the struggling masses below. Eighteen French knights had vowed themselves to the death of the English King, and more than one went near to keep his vow. Gloucester was struck sorely wounded to the ground, and would have been killed but that Henry bestrode his brother's body, and kept with his own arm the foe at bay till the young Duke's squires had dragged him from the *mêlée*. While thus engaged, D'Alençon, who had fought his way up to the royal standard, struck Henry so shrewd a blow on the helmet that half the jewelled crown was shorn away, and the King staggered to his knees. But the royal guards closed round the brave Frenchman. "I am D'Alençon," he cried, and Henry would have spared him. But the cry came too late. The Duke was struck to the ground, and the English troops swept on over his dead body. For two hours the fight raged fiercely. At length the second line broke, and the day was lost to France. Without even waiting the English charge, the reserve turned and fled. In vain did such of the French leaders as still were left, D'Albret and Orleans, Brabant and Bourbon, strive with prayers, with reproaches, with commands to rally them. In vain did the brave Guillaume Martel, who bore the Oriflamme of France, used for the last time, it is said, in that fatal battle, raise aloft the sacred banner and call upon them to follow it to the death. In vain did Marie and Falconberg, at the head of a handful of horse, make one last desperate attempt to retrieve the day. Both they and their gallant following were cut down almost to a man. The flight now became general, and many of the nobles, seeing all was lost, threw away their arms and fled with the rest. At this moment a cry was raised that the camp at Maisoncelle was being plundered, and that a fresh attack was forming in the rear. Henry immediately gave orders to kill the prisoners, who would, in truth, have proved no easy bargain had the fight been renewed, seeing that they probably exceeded in numbers the whole English force. How far this command was obeyed seems doubtful; but it is certain that a considerable number were put to death before the alarm was discovered to be false. The supposed attack came merely from a rabble of peasants, more intent on plunder than fighting, who were easily got rid of, though not till they had laid hands on a part of the King's private baggage.

It was now late in the afternoon. Evening was drawing on, and rain beginning to fall. Henry ordered the retreat to be sounded, and, calling his men together, bid the priests give thanks for the victory. The 115th Psalm was sung, and as the words, *Non nobis, Domine*, rose on the air, every head was bared and every knee bowed. The King then called to him one of the French heralds, and asked him what was the name of a castle he saw near; the man answered it was the castle of Agincourt; "then," said the King, "this shall for ever be called the battle of Agincourt." Giving orders that the wounded and the prisoners should be courteously treated, he then withdrew to Maisoncelle, where he supped in company with the most distinguished of his captives, and early on the next morning resumed his march to Calais.

The number of Frenchmen killed that day is rated at 10,000, while nearly as many more were made prisoners. Among the former were the Dukes of Brabant, Bar, and Alençon, the Earls of Nevers, Marie, Falconberg, Grandpré, and Vaudemont, the High Constable himself, and many more of the noblest blood in France. The Duke of Orleans, the Counts of Richemont and Vendôme, and the Marshal Boucicault were among the most illustrious prisoners. The English loss seems not to have exceeded 1,600 men, including the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk, whose bodies were carried to England for burial, the rest, according to a French chronicle, being burned on the ground. The most distinguished of the French dead were removed for burial to their own homes; but upwards of 5,000, many of whom had been despoiled and stripped by their own countrymen, after lying for some days naked on the field, were buried by a charitable Frenchman, Philip, Earl of Charolais, at his own expense, in three pits covering 1,500 yards of ground. Such was the battle of Agincourt, one of the most complete and glorious, if not the most profitable, victories ever gained by English arms.

#### DOCTORS UNREPRESENTED AT ANY MEDICAL CONGRESS.

FOR the most part every one believes that he has some inborn special skill as a doctor. Perhaps he is modest, and only professes to cure particular diseases, such as coughs, colds, toothache, and the gout; but such cases are rare. Civilization, however, among other things, tends to sap universal philanthropy; besides

that the faculty have got laws to protect them. It is therefore, as a rule, only old ladies who boldly set themselves up as amateur physicians at large, and they find no one to prescribe for except themselves and their sons-in-law or nephews and dependents. Then the neighbouring druggists thrive. In the ingenuous East, however, the promptings of nature are not kept down in this way. Among the Hindus everything goes by caste indeed, and civilization is more strait-jacketed even than here. But in Indo-China every profession is gloriously open to everybody to try, whenever it suits him to make the experiment. It may safely be said that every Indo-Chinese, whether Burman, Siamese, Cambodian, or Annamese, has at one period or other of his life set up as a doctor, just as it is certain that he has been an actor and a monk for a longer or shorter time. He gives up the holy order because he finds its rules too strict for his comfort; he abandons acting because he comes to see that he has really no talent for it; but to the end of his days he is persuaded that it was mere envy and malice on the part of his neighbours, and downright wrong-headedness in his deceased patients, that hindered him from getting on as a doctor. At any rate, there is seldom any difficulty thrown in his way in the matter of making a first attempt at curing somebody. His skill is, however, severely tested from the very first. The patient has been a bit of a practitioner himself, of course, and he is not going to smooth the way for his physician by telling him any of his symptoms. Let the doctor give a kind of foretaste of what he is worth by finding out what it is that ails the sick man. If he cannot find out where the malady is seated, how long it has lasted, and what the patient has gone through since he fell ill, it is extremely unlikely that the prescriptions he may draw up will be of any value. Therefore, the patient is obstinately silent, and his household are quite as determined not to give any hints as to the affliction which has come upon their master. It is the European doctor's habit of asking questions and generally conducting himself in an undignified manner which leads the native of Indo-China to avoid him whenever he can. When a hapless individual has the misfortune to get into the hospital he is naturally helpless, and is obliged to submit to the ways of the white surgeon. But it is an unfair system, and it is no wonder if the foreigner often effects rapid and seemingly creditable cures. How can he help being successful when everything is told him beforehand? Anybody could make himself a reputation at that rate. The native aspirant has no such easy task set him. He has to show what he is worth before he is allowed to make a start at all. Any one can prescribe drugs. The sick man has probably made experiments on himself already, and if he who has the best reasons for knowing the locality of his disorder is unsuccessful, what is to be hoped from an outsider who may start without that knowledge? There is, therefore, a large element of luck in the matter of getting an opportunity to make a start as a medical practitioner. If it were not that when a man, and particularly an Asiatic, is really ill, he is so alarmed for himself that he is prepared to admit that the malady is seated in any particular named spot—or all over his body, for the matter of that—and so simplifies the problem for his would-be healer, there would be very little chance of an opening for anybody. With the *malades imaginaires* it is different. Two or three of these in a township will ruin the pharmaceutical credit of two-thirds of the local population. If they lived in an advanced country, where the resources of civilization are known and made use of—such as Ireland, for example—the aspiring doctors would no doubt unite to have such obstructions removed, scientifically or otherwise; but, as they belong to semi-barbarous lands in Indo-China, such methods are not available, and they are restricted to simple swearing. There is, however, one means of revenge open to them which is sure eventually to come as a nemesis on the fastidious sick man. The doctors conspire to declare that the patient is afflicted with a devil. If this is said often enough, the relatives come to believe it. Then a witch doctor is called in. He throws ground pepper in the possessed man's eyes, sticks pins into him, and belabours him with a stout bamboo. The more the victim cries out and protests the better pleased every one is; for it is, of course, the evil spirit that suffers and tries to get off by piteous lamentations. A man who has once had a devil cast out of him and has survived the operation shows ever afterwards a marked disinclination to allow himself to be suspected of being subject to mysterious diseases. He is therefore often the best patient that a young Galen can get hold of.

Since, however, it is necessary to announce beforehand the ailment it is proposed to cure, the practitioner is never in a hurry. He goes through the preliminaries with great sedateness and composure, and would think it equally undignified and unprofessional to come to his conclusions with the rapidity of an English brother in the art. The pulse is his mainstay, and he dwells upon it with a persistency which would seriously alarm ordinary Westerners. A doctor with any claims to respectability will never feel the pulse for less than a quarter of an hour at a time. The ordinary belief is that it is divided into three parts—one corresponding to the head, another to the heart, and the third to the stomach. The invariable custom is therefore to feel with three fingers, sometimes in three distinct parts of the body at once. While this is going on, or sometimes afterwards, or between two spells of testing the pulse, the physician questions the patient about various matters, not by any means necessarily having any connexion with the state of the body. Any direct question of that kind would indeed immediately prove fatal, for it would clearly show that the questioner was a mere quack who could not form a proper diagnosis for

himself. This random catechizing sometimes leads to queer results. The answers are presumed to reveal the patient's state of mind not only at that particular time, but on previous occasions. The retardation or quickening of the pulsation at the moment of either question or answer is deemed especially significant, and forms the basis of the subsequent medical conclusions. But with English surgeons in Eastern hospitals extraordinary results are sometimes arrived at. A patient in the Rangoon General Hospital had a slight knowledge of English. The civil surgeon on his morning round while feeling this patient's pulse asked, "How are your bowels?" The sick man, with a confused recollection of the method of native practitioners, coupled with reminiscences of his study of the English alphabet, replied—"A, e, i, o, u, and sometimes v and y."

Having proved his capacity by localizing the ailment, the doctor at once sets to work. They are all apothecaries as well as physicians, and have a man who follows them about with a bag of simples. These are usually put up in little cylinders of bamboo, richly gilt and painted, and very often made impressive by a few cabalistic letters. It is customary also to have them very strongly perfumed. These details are as necessary and effectual as the sugar-loaf hat, round goggles, stuffed owl and alligator, human skull, and other properties of the magician of romance. In Burma, indeed, there are two opposing schools, the Dietists and the Druggists. The former believe that all illness is caused by disorder of the four elements—earth, air, fire, and water—which make up the body. They therefore confine themselves to regulation of the diet in order to restore the equilibrium. The latter are by far the more numerous, and rely upon drugs, usually of the most potent kind, as a protest against the feeble measures of their rivals. Elsewhere in Indo-China, however, the diet system cannot maintain a footing at all, and the druggist with his wallet full of phials is supreme, or has only the sorcerer to fear. Their *materia medica* is not of a very extensive kind, and consists of leaves, flowers, roots, seeds and barks, and a few simple minerals, of which they have an empirical knowledge. The Burman is an excitable personage, and requires his medicine to be as speedy in obvious results as possible. Consequently his doctors in self-defence have to make their prescriptions as nasty as they possibly can—as griping as a rat-trap, as strong as a polecat, and as immediate in action as a poker applied red-hot. A Bengali apothecary once made a great reputation by giving all his patients indiscriminately a table-spoonful of Gregory's powder to swallow dry. This made quite a beau-ideal dose for a Burman. It was not only exceedingly nasty from the very beginning, but it lasted for a long time, and did not get any more pleasant in the interval. On the other hand, castor oil is a dismal failure from this point of view. Most Burmans would drink a quart, and smack their lips after it. They would, however, be gravely displeased if such a pleasant beverage were offered them when they were unwell, and longed for something disagreeable. While the robust Burman thus refuses to be cured by anything which does not come up to the traditional idea of medicine in the way of making him feel very uncomfortable, the effeminate Siamese, Cambodians, and Annamese require of their doctors that the prescriptions shall be as little unpleasant as possible. The demand creates a supply, and it is singular how, with their limited experience, the local medicos are able to produce drugs which are ordinarily far from being disagreeable. It is true that among their remedies figure crushed spiders, pieces of reptiles, ground serpents' bones, scrapings of the horns of wild goats, stags, and rhinoceroses, and the scales of fishes and insects, which are not altogether charming to Western notions. Orientals are, however, not so fastidious, and, judging from the other medicines in their pharmacopoeia, these cannot be so repulsive as imagination figures them. The Annamese practitioners refer all sicknesses to a disturbance of the equilibrium in the human economy, caused by an excess either of heat or cold. This greatly simplifies matters for the doctor, whatever may be the result for the patient. In the one case sedatives, such as opium or Indian hemp, are used; in the other, stimulants of the most extraordinary variety. Saffron and cinnamon-bark play a very great part, and a species of cardamom which grows in Upper Camboja is regarded as a sovereign remedy. When the sick man is irritable it is considered well to bring him to a proper frame of mind by administering a spoonful of a warm infusion of the leaves of the *Datura stramonium*. This at once renders him tractable. In doubtful cases the generally accepted rule seems to be to give the patient the advantage of a hotch-potch of all the contents of the medicine-chest. This always has a definite result. If the man is going to get better there is sure to be something in the mixture which will help him on. If not, he succumbs immediately, and gives no further trouble. Relatives are satisfied that he was fated to die, for if a dose of every known medicine would not set him on his legs again his case must indeed have been hopeless. Of such a character was the celebrated nostrum exhibited to an astonished English doctor of the Bengal Medical Service. This was a green powder containing no less than a hundred and sixty different ingredients. It was of very great value in critical cases.

In countries where there are so many doctors, it is not to be expected that the fees will be large. In Burma the medical man gets a few annas—sixpence or thereabouts—and is expected to supply all ordinary physic for nothing. If he works a creditable cure, a grateful patient will probably give him a *douceur* in money or in the produce of his fields or garden. If the man dies, the doctor goes to the funeral, and consoles himself for his want of

success by drinking unlimited tea, chewing betel, and smoking philosophical cheroots. In Annam and Camboja, on the other hand, all the medicine is paid for, the bill rarely mounting to more than a few halfpence. But to compensate for this, the doctor gets nothing unless his patient recovers. In every case the honorarium is fixed upon beforehand, and gratitude for skill displayed does not seem to take a monetary form among the Annamese. They are probably influenced in this by the business-like Chinamen. Among the Celestials it is well known that a doctor is paid according to the rapidity with which he effects a cure. The longer he is about it, the less he will get for his trouble. In regard to the preliminary negotiations as to the sum to be paid in the event of recovery, the system of calculation is rather curious and suggestive of a country where mankind has a marketable value. A tale is told of a missionary in Tong-king, one of whose catechists fell ill. He was not one of the modern class of medical missionaries, and did not trust himself to prescribe for his convert. Accordingly, he called in an Annamese physician. It may be remarked, by the way, that this was one of the most astonishing instances of humility on record. The ordinary European would as soon trust an Indo-Chinese doctor as he would take to snake-charming. However, this missionary not only summoned the *sayah*, but bargained with him in the regulation way as to the fee to be paid. The doctor, after the usual preliminaries—the feeling of the pulse and the inconsequent interrogatories, whether the sick man was married, and if he had any children; whether he had ever been in China; why the Christian religion did not enjoin the worship of deceased ancestors, and so on—declared that he was ready to set the patient on his legs again. If his subject had been younger, he could not have consented to cure him for less than a hundred sapeques; but, seeing that he was a dried-up old atomy of nearly sixty, he would not demand more than twenty, for when the man was cured he was not much use. This was an agreeable view of the question for the missionary funds, and a bargain was struck immediately. It is satisfactory to hear that the doctor restored his man to health, and got his stipulated fee.

Though there are many absolute charlatans in the profession, there are a few who study what medical literature is open to them. The Burmans get most of their learning from India, recorded for them in old Pali manuscripts, and from the Brahmins of whom there are still a few, immigrants or prisoners of war from Manipur. The Annamese and Cambodians, on the other hand, study the professional histories and rules of the Chinese, and not uncommonly go through a kind of apprenticeship in the train of a recognized practitioner. Then, after a time, longer or shorter, according to temperament or opportunity, they set up for themselves. The province of the sorcerers approaches very near to, and sometimes even overlaps, that of the physicians; but they are usually only called in in very desperate cases, and often at the recommendation of the doctors themselves. The generality of the population are very much afraid of these self-styled possessors of supernatural powers. But nevertheless they are not without a tolerable *clientele*, just as people in Europe run to magnetizers and galvanizers and spirit-rappers and other professors of a similar kind, who, by means of a single and simple method, profess to cure all maladies, more especially those which are incurable.

#### THE NEW REPTILE HOUSE.

THE Zoological Society has conferred a great boon upon visitors to the Gardens by the assemblage of almost all the animals which may be roughly classed as reptiles into one large, convenient, well-lighted house. An exception is made as to some of the tortoises, which are still in quarters beyond the canal. But the new Reptile House contains the serpents, the lizards, the alligators, the chameleons, and some of the water tortoises or turtles. The animals are much better displayed than before, and it is possible to obtain a much more distinct idea of the personality, so to speak, of many of them. The American alligators, three in number, are now in a large open tank in the centre of the house, where they may be viewed as they lie lazily on logs half in and half out of the water, with no appearance of life except in the treacherous glitter of the pale eyes. One of these hideous creatures has been twelve years in the Gardens, and has not yet attained to nearly the size described by travellers on the banks of the Mississippi, while his companions are much smaller. In their new abode they have ample space both to walk and to swim, and seem to take great pleasure in lying under the spout by which water is poured into the tank. A smaller tank contains a number of young alligators, chiefly of the same kind, from America, and a long-nosed crocodile from Africa; but the Society does not appear to possess a single example of the common Egyptian crocodile. A number of very youthful alligators, about as large as lizards, are to be seen playing in a saucer of water in one of the glass cases. They are exact models of their older congeners. A third tank or pond is assigned to the turtles; and in two of the glazed cages may be seen sluggish specimens of the very singular Matamora, a terrapin, or turtle, of considerable dimensions, but with a head and eyes so small that it requires a few moments' inspection before they are recognized. There is an odd little snout like a bird's beak, and two little eyes close to its base. This strange animal comes from the Amazons River.

It would be well for visitors if they could obtain a clear



answer to the question, "What is a reptile?" It seems that naturalists are somewhat divided in opinion. As a fact, cold-blooded animals differ among themselves far more than warm-blooded animals. There is less analogy of structure between the different genera. The whale and the bat have more in common than the lizard and the crocodile. Indeed, the anatomical difference between a frog and a tortoise is far greater than that between a bird and a quadruped. This makes it exceedingly difficult to know what to include in the great class of reptiles. Some naturalists take in five orders only, one of which, that of Enaliosaurians, is extinct, leaving as modern representatives the tortoises, the crocodiles, the lizards, and the serpents. But to these orders other naturalists would, and with some reason, add the Batrachians, or amphibious frogs and tritons, and the cave-dwelling proteus. The greatest difference is in the structure of the heart. A frog has a "bilocular" heart, while a tortoise has a "trilocular" heart. That is to say, the true reptile has two auricles and a ventricle, while the Batrachian has but one auricle and one ventricle. Both are equally cold-blooded, since the supply of oxygen admitted at each respiration is brought but imperfectly into contact with the venous blood, and the distinction between the veins and arteries is partially lost. It being solely by contact with oxygen that our blood is warmed, the serpent requires the stimulation of external heat to make him active, and most reptiles in this country hibernate when the weather becomes too cold to assist their sluggish circulation. Mr. Bell has pointed out the great influence of heat on not only the habits and daily life of reptiles, but on their activity, and even on the length of time the young remain unhatched. In the matter of eggs, however, the greatest differences are observable. The whole of the tortoises and turtles are oviparous; some lizards are oviparous and others viviparous; the blindworm, which is anatomically more of a lizard than a serpent, is like a serpent "ovo-viviparous"—that is, the young are hatched at the moment of birth. Among the amphibians we find the same differences. Frogs deposit spawn like fish, while newts lay eggs. In short, though the slightness of the difference between a crocodile and an alligator is proverbial as a legal analogy, the real varieties in almost every organ between even nearly allied kinds of reptiles are enough to make their natural history interesting to any observer. The turtle family do not change their shells; but serpents, frogs, and newts all change their skin; and the toad, strange to say, swallows his old coat when he acquires his new one. The power of reproducing a lost limb, but especially a lost tail, is common to most reptiles. Crocodiles have been seen with one foot much smaller than its companion, pointing in all probability to some such cause as the loss of a limb and its new growth. It may be worth while to correct a common idea—namely, that the tails of tadpoles drop off when they are about to be promoted to the position of fully-formed frogs. The tail is really removed by absorption. It is a gradual process, beginning at the end; and young frogs may be seen hopping about which still retain a rudimentary tail. The connexion between otherwise distinct orders of reptiles is illustrated by the chameleon, which, like the frog and the toad, catches its prey with a glutinous tongue. In all these animals the tongue is fixed at the entrance of the mouth, and is turned back towards the throat. When a fly is to be caught, the toad lashes out his tongue with such rapidity that only a practised eye can follow the motion. In the case of the chameleon, however, the act, though rapid enough for its purpose, is comparatively slow, like all the motions of this "absurdly grave and solemn" creature, as Mr. Wood happily calls him. In the monotony of a Nile voyage the chameleon has afforded an object of interest to many a moping invalid. He will catch and eat as many as forty or fifty flies at a sitting, and then remain still and bilious-looking for weeks together. His normal green, of the most brilliant emerald, gives place, if he is put on a carpet or a piece of oil-cloth, to some less conspicuous colour—yellow with brown spots, perhaps, or grey and black—and he thus contrives to stalk his flies. His colour-changing powers are limited. He cannot turn pale, nor blush like a girl; but the changes he can effect in a few minutes are sufficiently astonishing.

The smaller animals in the new Reptile House will occupy the leisure of the visitor; the Derbian Zonure, with its spiked scales, a very porcupine among reptiles, will be neglected in the presence of anacondas and pythons, of cobras and vipers. In their new quarters these creatures are much better seen than before. They seem to delight in coiling themselves into apparently inextricable knots round the topmost boughs of their trees, to sleep away the effects of the last full moon. In this position, nevertheless, their beautiful markings are very apparent. A reticulated python from Malacca, which has been four years in the gardens, is perhaps at present the most beautiful of them all; but they are subject to variations in this respect, as the skin grows old and less glossy before it is cast off. Among the West African pythons one has been in the Gardens ever since 1863, and has grown to an enormous size in the twenty years, though it is still far from being the giant capable of taking an ox which some travellers have described. The South American boas are also beautifully marked. The number, both of different species and different individuals of the same species in the collection, is very large, and one or two, at least, in each group may be watched moving about, and evidently thinking of dinner-time after a Lenten fast of forty days. Others are only awakening to a sense of void, but a majority are absolutely motionless in sleep, two or three being occasionally ravelled into a single knot of glossy yellow, brown, and black. The colour-

ing of the boas, the American family most nearly resembling the pythons of the Old World, is on the whole the most beautiful, and best accords with Shakspeare's allusion to the spotted snakes. There are, however, English examples, some of them very fine, as well as common vipers; but the prettiest is the All Green Tree-Snake, from Dacota, a loan to the Society. It is mainly of the most vivid emerald green colour, but slightly marked, and is very tame and friendly. It would be impossible to imagine a more lovely little pet; but it is to be feared that in its native state it is guilty of much havoc among humming-birds. The poisonous serpents are also well represented, although one of them, the largest, which has been here since 1875, must prove an expensive guest. This is the Ophiophagus, a poisonous serpent from British India, which feeds only on other snakes, and has, in the words of the official Catalogue—a very deficient little work, by the way—"devoured an enormous number of his smaller brethren." In other cases may be seen the Indian cobra, and the crested serpent of Egypt, the "sacred asp," which stands in hieroglyphics for a "goddess"; but the collection does not seem to include the horned snake, or Cerastes, which occurs so frequently in ancient sculptures, where it stands for the letter *f*. The poisonous Hamadryad from India, the Surucucu from Brazil, the puff adder from the Cape of Good Hope, the water viper from America, and the terrible rattlesnake, the *Crotalus horridus* of naturalists, may all be recognized among the specimens; as well as the protected and semi-domesticated chicken snakes from North America, and the rat snakes from India, which destroy enormous quantities of rats, mice, and other injurious animals.

The visitor who has time should go across the Gardens to the Insect House at their northern boundary, and inspect the orang-outang presented by Mr. Vermont in June last. It is a female, and has a melancholy likeness to an old woman. Its long red hair hangs over its brow. Any one who has visited the tropics will remember negresses quite as hideous. It sits up, gathering its straw about it, folding its hands, and leaning back with half-closed eyes in the most human attitudes—attitudes and gestures which somehow, unlike the gambols of monkeys, excite no amusement, but rather a feeling of sadness and pity.

#### TARTUFE IN PETTICOATS.

AS a general rule, hypocrisy is a vice more common among women than men; and it is, also as a general rule, reserved for the female sex to carry on successfully a system of religious hypocrisy, which continues until the fair devotee ends her days in the odour of sanctity. As certain circumstances are necessary to make a perfect flower—light, air, water, and an absence of noxious insects—so there are conditions of life which are essential to the development of the female Tartufe. She must be young, at all events not too old to retain considerable personal attractions. If she were plain, the chances are that she would not be a hypocrite at all, but thoroughly in earnest. It is also more favourable to her perfect growth that she should be a widow. There have been married women of her type who have attained a mitigated Tartufism; but their efforts in this line have been sadly checked and hindered. A husband has an inconvenient objection to a third person being hand-and-glove with his wife; and Mrs. Tartufe cannot live without her little friendships, deprived of which she would wither and die like a flower nipped by frost. If she is entirely alone in the world, without brothers or sisters, cousins or aunts, so much the better. A brother might come blundering into the room at times when he was not wanted, and might make unpleasant remarks about "that fellow in the black coat who is always here." Sisters and aunts would ruthlessly expose poor Mrs. Tartufe in most cherished plans, bringing the light of a penetrating feminine eye to bear on the petty schemes and manoeuvres which are so dear to the widow's heart. However, it sometimes happens that Mrs. Tartufe has a poor relation, an orphan niece perhaps, whom she offered to adopt in a sudden fit of generosity long since repented of. This most forlorn creature is the victim of all her whims and caprices, and innocently arouses in her benefactress's breast the instinctive jealousy which women of this type always have of a young girl. She is infinitely worse off than the servants, who can give warning when their mistress is more than usually exacting. She, if she seems melancholy and depressed, is reproached with ingratitude, and is reminded that she owes everything to Mrs. Tartufe's generosity. If, on the other hand, she appears anxious to please, her availability is pronounced to be time-serving, and she is no doubt expecting to be remembered in her aunt's will. Should she show a little innocent satisfaction in a new dress, or in the reversion of some of Mrs. Tartufe's cast-off finery, she is accused of vanity, and warned of the danger of such a failing to one in her situation. Mrs. Tartufe allows it to be seen that she is making a great sacrifice in enduring the companionship of a person who is incapable of appreciating her character, and is rewarded by the admiration which such unselfish charity deserves. She does not expect any return for what she has done, she plaintively remarks to her friends, who listen and deplore, teacup in hand. She had hoped to meet with some good feeling, a little of the affection for which her heart is yearning, and she is disappointed that her attempt at doing good is a failure. Of course she is assured that every one knows what a trial it must be, and is aware of the patience which she has displayed under such distressing circumstances. In a few minutes

Mrs. Tartufe recovers her composure sufficiently to dry the tears which have been called forth by the recital of her sufferings, and hands round the sponge-cake. Her visitors leave the house feeling much edified by this living example of gentleness and forbearance, and extol their hostess as a model of all the virtues.

Mrs. Tartufe is very comfortably off, and spends a considerable portion of her income on dress, preferring, however a sort of chastened splendour in her attire, as agreeing with her retiring disposition and her state of widowhood. As a certain degree of outward ceremonial is necessary for the proper culture of religious hypocrisy, the female Tartufe is sometimes a Ritualist, but more often she belongs to the ancient faith which fostered her prototype. Amid the multiplicity of devotions prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church she is in her element. She may be discovered praying fervently in a corner of the church, with all the enthusiasm of a St. Theresa lighting up her countenance. Only a closer inspection will betray the fact that the upturned eyes are not guiltless of kohl, and that the ascetic pallor of the widow's cheek is owing to a liberal application of pearl powder. In her own sphere Mrs. Tartufe occupies much the same position as a professional beauty holds in the great wicked world outside, for whose doings she professes the profoundest indifference, and from which she has retired so early. It is possible that her charms were not powerful enough to gain for her there the consideration which they now obtain, when coupled with a reputation for sanctity, from the clique of which she is a prominent member. Be that as it may, she eschews balls and theatres, seldom looks at a newspaper, and has never been seen reading a novel. Her occupation consists in embroidering vestments, visiting convents, and following a favourite preacher from church to church. If a pilgrimage to the scene of a recently-discovered miracle is announced, Mrs. Tartufe is one of the first to join it. She has made several converts, who relapsed, however, on her declaring a preference for the state of widowhood. It is supposed that the little fish dinners which she gave one Lent in Paris were the means of delaying the apostasy of a certain noted malcontent for at least six weeks. The great dressmaker refused to do anything for her unless she would relinquish her custom of wearing a hair-shirt during penitential seasons, but afterwards relented, and the result was an exquisite garment, happily combining the monastic habit and the tea-gown. Mrs. Tartufe finds in the Confessional the excitement which her more worldly sisters seek for in society. She chooses a young, inexperienced confessor, and proceeds to pour her troubles into his sympathetic ear. She is scrupulous, and is always accusing herself, in her humility, of little sins which there was no necessity to mention. Never before, she exclaims, has she found any one who understood her soul so well as Father Anthony. The young priest is interested in his new penitent, and takes the first opportunity of calling at her house. After the first visit, it becomes a regular habit with Father Anthony to turn into the widow's pretty drawing-room whenever he is tired and depressed. From talking of Mrs. Tartufe's troubles, he gradually comes to making her the confidante of his own, and from that moment he is in her power. In an unguarded moment he complains of his superiors, and lets her see behind the scenes. She listens, consoles, advises, and yet artfully contrives to fan his discontent. He begins to consider her his only friend. It is Mrs. Tartufe and Father Anthony *contra mundum*. They have changed places now, and, instead of his being her director, she has become his. She shows that she will be deeply offended if he visits any one in the parish but her, excepting a few poor people, who are of no consequence. So his work is hindered, and a blight seems to have fallen upon him. Naturally it gives offence when the young priest holds aloof from the other members of the congregation. Rumours of his friendship with Mrs. Tartufe spread about, and every gossip in the parish has something to say on the subject. Mrs. Tartufe assumes the air of a martyr, and is more regular in her attendance at church than ever. Perhaps the young priest's conscience takes alarm, he makes a determined effort to escape from the web which is being woven around him, and goes away for a month for change of air. Mrs. Tartufe smiles sweetly, and announces her intention of "going into retreat" during his absence. But this is only to put her neighbours off the scent. She appears a day or two later at the seaside place where Father Anthony has gone for his holiday, and he feels that his flight has been in vain, and resigns himself anew to the fatal influence which is sapping away his moral existence. Should Mrs. Tartufe find that she is going too far, and that people are beginning to look askance at her, she changes her tactics, and declares that she has a vocation for the religious life. Father Anthony, inwardly reduced to despair, in faltering accents approves her noble resolution. She winds up her worldly affairs, and takes a heartrending farewell of her friends and acquaintances.

Her niece, whom this sudden resolve renders homeless, works like a slave at the preparations for her saintly aunt's departure, and Mrs. Tartufe drives off in a cab, amid the sobs of the orphan, who becomes a pupil-teacher at a school. Six months pass away. Mrs. Tartufe, according to her own letters, is the pet of the convent. The nuns all love her, and the Reverend Mother is a perfect angel. Here she has found peace at last, far from the turmoil of this wicked world. Then she reappears, resplendent in the latest Paris fashions. Her health will not stand a conventual life, and she has been positively ordered by the doctors to give it up. Father Anthony has been removed to

another sphere. He fell on evil courses, they say, and so into disgrace with his superiors. But Father Innocent has come in his place, and he is better looking than Father Anthony, with blue eyes and curly golden hair. Mrs. Tartufe thinks he looks angelic when he is standing at the altar. And so it all begins again. But Time passes on his relentless way, each year taking some of the bloom from the widow's cheek, and some of the brightness from her eye. Old age is coming on apace, and how shall she meet it? Her shaking hand and dim bleared eyes give an answer to that question. Her acquaintances shun her, for her house is no longer attractive as it was in the days when she listened to the young priest's confidences, and her niece has long since been alienated from her by her harshness and cruelty. Now she repents of her former misdeeds, and tries to atone for them during the few remaining years of her life. Is her sorrow real or feigned? Who shall say?

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace have now begun, the first of the season having been given on the 13th inst. The prospectus of the series is, as usual, very attractive; and the very first concert is one of great interest; Weber's Festival Overture, Handel's "Hide me from day's garish eye," and Beethoven's 4th Symphony, making a good groundwork, sure to please all honest lovers of music, whatever might be the fate of the rest of the programme; whilst a Pianoforte Concerto by Dvorak, never before played in England; a song by Berlioz (first time); and the *King Lear* Overture of the same composer, which has only once been performed before in this country, form enough novelty for the most ardent seeker after new things.

To begin by discussing the orchestra, we are glad to find that Mr. Manns has already got his band to a high degree of finish. Even with the strong foundation of the large band, which plays together six or eight times a week all the year round, it is not always possible (as the experience of last autumn shows) to get the whole orchestra well together at the early part of the season. And in this particular instance the task was no easy one. The Leeds Festival drew away from the band many of its best members. But conductors who suffer under the trouble of "deputies" may well take a lesson in generalship from Mr. Manns. Being sure that he would have to suffer under a crowd of deputies at this most important concert, he took pains to ascertain who were to be those deputies, and, neglecting the principals, called them to the rehearsals, with the result that he was able to produce at the performance the same instrumentalists who had attended his rehearsals. If this or some similar plan could only be carried out generally, the music-loving public would gain immensely. How is a tolerable orchestral performance to be given if, even after careful rehearsal, when the time for the public performance comes, the conductor finds perhaps that his *chefs d'attaque*, and a large part of the rest of the band, have never been at a single rehearsal—an experience which may befall any conductor in London. But, thanks to Mr. Manns' precaution, the perfect balance, sharp attack, and complete subordination of the band, together with the general beauty of tone and high executive ability of the leading players, made this orchestra one of the finest in Europe, as it has been in past years.

Except for the admirable singing of Mrs. Hutchinson in Handel's "Hide me from day's garish eye" (*Il Penseroso*), there is not much to call for criticism in the performance of the more familiar music. We therefore pass on to the consideration of Dvorak's Pianoforte Concerto, and we may say at once that it is a work of singular merit, and above all one of great beauty and charm. The individuality of the composer, and his style, in spite of its strong national character, are so strong that he is able to write easily without striving after originality on the one hand, or display of scholarship on the other. His themes are well marked, graceful, often quaint, and always melodious, and their treatment is easy and without effort. And, further, the whole composition is homogeneous and flowing, so that we are spared that feeling of restlessness and dissatisfaction which is produced by too many modern compositions, in which the composer, by striving after originality, only throws away the safe leading-strings of "form," without succeeding in finding any safe new guide for his wandering footsteps, so that his work resembles rather a page of an encyclopædia than a tale, poem, or essay.

Dvorak in this Concerto shows the true spirit of orchestration, not only in his orchestral writing, but also in his treatment of the pianoforte. The solo part is written with a full feeling for what a piano can do and what it cannot do, when combined with an orchestra. As a rule, the piano part is written in the form of a dialogue as soon as the orchestra enters, and very often this dialogue is carried on with one or other of the wood wind instruments, which give characters of tone which contrast well with the piano, without attempting unsuccessfully to blend with it, as do the strings. Again, the piano part consists almost entirely of rapid passages well suited to the instrument, and sustained notes are for the most part avoided, as it appears to us, with great wisdom; for, though the ear accepts sustained notes on a piano when that instrument is heard by itself, it can scarcely feel them to be real when contrasted with the true sustained notes of bowed or wind instruments. The piano part, again, is so subordinated to the orchestra that, to quote from the analysis, "The entire work might more aptly be spoken of as a Symphony for



orchestra with pianoforte *obbligato*." The pianoforte part was played with great accuracy, fluency, and ease by Mr. Oscar Beringer.

The song Bolero "Zaide," by Berlioz, excellently sung by Mrs. Hutchinson, is pretty and graceful enough, but does not show any distinct marks of the composer's genius; and, indeed, might have been written by almost any conductor accustomed to writing incidental music for the stage. The other work by Berlioz—the overture to *King Lear*—is fine, but in parts rather laboured and uninteresting. It does not appear to have much connexion with its subject, except in general solemnity of tone. On a first hearing one cannot escape the impression that it would serve equally well as an overture to *Othello* or *Coriolanus*. It is, no doubt, unfair to record such an impression, unless the overture were played and the play performed after it, as all that the overture to a play can be, if it be not programme music, is a piece of music which is likely to put the audience in the right frame of mind to enjoy the play. But yet one may try to imagine the play whilst hearing the overture and immediately afterwards, and so get a "first approximation" to its true effect; and decidedly Berlioz's *King Lear* overture does not stand this rough test. It is, however, very remarkable as an incident in musical history, on account of the suspicious likeness of its opening bars to the orchestral music after the rise of the curtain in the second act of *Lohengrin*: and, a little later on, there are some bars with a less decided, though very remarkable, resemblance to some passages in the overture of the same opera.

The second concert, given on October 20th, was arranged on the same wise plan as the first, consisting of well-known music and of an important novelty, Brahms's Symphony in F Minor, "Zur Herbstzeit." The main body of the programme was suited not only to those who really love music, but also to those who love to quarrel and make parties about the art. Mozart's Overture to *The Magic Flute* and Beethoven's Fifth Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (E flat) being given for the one party and the introduction to the third act, Dance of Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers, from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, for the other. The effect of the return of many of the regular instrumentalists was at once felt by a marked improvement in the quality of tone in the strings, but otherwise the band was in much the same condition as it was on the preceding Saturday. Indeed the opening chords of *The Magic Flute* overture were a little wanting in sharpness of attack; but this defect was not much felt after the band had settled down to their work. Yet, on the whole, fine though the performance of this overture was, it was undoubtedly by no means so well played as some of the other items of the programme. The unusually quick tempo adopted by Mr. Manns for the Allegro, seeming to cause the band to labour, gave the hearers a sense of unrest and danger. In Beethoven's Concerto, however, the band seemed quite at home, and a magnificent performance was given. The pianoforte part was played by Mme. Helen Hopekirk, who is pretty well known to Crystal Palace audiences. Her performance was one of high merit; she is gifted with a beautiful touch and strong poetic musical feeling, and has acquired great fluency and technical skill. In this particular Concerto there were now and then suspicions of a slight lack of power; but power often comes with increase of confidence, and the tenderness and true feeling of phrasing possessed by Mme. Hopekirk are qualities which go far to make an artist of the first rank, and can seldom be acquired, though training may develop them. There is not much to be said about the performance of the *Meistersinger* music, except that it was admirably played, and both band and conductor attacked it as if they felt no fatigue from the long programme which went before it. Mr. Maas being unable to sing, his place was taken by Mr. J. W. Turner, who sang Gounod's fine recitative and melodious, though somewhat commonplace air, "Lend me your aid," from *Irene*, with good effect; but he was not quite so successful with Mozart's "Dalla sua pace," which he substituted for Walthers's prize song from the *Meistersinger*.

The most interesting item of the programme was naturally Raff's Symphony No. 10, in F Minor, Op. 213, "Zur Herbstzeit"; the movements are called—(a) "Impressions and Sentiments"; (b) "Dance of Phantoms"; (c) "Elegy"; (d) "The Hunt." We thus appear at once to be in full programme music, and no doubt on account of loose nomenclature this Symphony can only be described as programme music; but it is far away removed from those imitative onomatopoeic compositions which have tended to make this term one of reproach; and the first and third movements have nothing in common with programme music at all. The first movement, "Impressions and Feelings," is a pure piece of symphonic writing, which conveys such a sense of repose and quiet and comfort that we believe, had it been discovered as a fragment and published, its editor would probably have given it for a title "Autumn." This peace and beauty are here and there disturbed by passing squalls of hurry and agitation, which soon die away, allowing the original feeling once more to prevail. The second movement, "Dance of Phantoms," is quaintly and skilfully conceived and carried out. The whole tone is hazy and misty, and though occasionally gloomy, is not without plenty of touches of grotesque humour and occasional passages of pathetic beauty. No doubt there are many who will object to the device of tapping the strings with the backs of the bows, and say that this is an unworthy trick; but the real poetic beauty of this whole movement, and the well-marked though quiet effect which the composer has secured by this means, which also is but sparingly used, appear to us to rob it of all offence. The third movement, "Elegy," is another piece of pure symphonic writing. If the

first movement, with its peace and glow of contentment occasionally disturbed, represent autumn proper, this movement might be taken as an expression of the Indian summer. In this case there is no disturbance, and the beauty and peace are as great as in the first movement; but running all through it there is a vein of tender sadness. The last movement, "The Hunt," is certainly strongly-marked programme music; but even here there is much that is original, and but little use is made of the obvious device of introducing hunting calls. This movement has subsidiary titles—"The Start," "The Halt," "The Run," "Hallali," "The Return Home." The Run is expressed by a passage which was played as only a first-rate band under a first-rate conductor could play it.

To consider this Symphony as a whole, we find in it plenty of skilful writing, most telling and effective orchestration, and, above all, a profusion of true melody which always keeps the work artistically beautiful, though it may bring down the reproach that fresh themes are introduced before the preceding ones have been fully worked out; but, so long as a sufficient respect is shown to form, surely beauty of interest to all is better than strict method appealing only to the very learned. And here there is no dragging in of themes by the neck and heels; all goes on smoothly, and each fresh theme as it appears seems to grow out of its surroundings.

#### THE FRAU PASTORIN.

LIFE in a German country parsonage would be very dreary but for the *Frau Pastorin*. You do not see much of her when you visit her husband, it is true, for she generally appears and disappears with the estates, and when she is in the room the only compliment she expects or appreciates from a stranger is a hearty appetite. She will feel hurt if you do not help yourself frequently to butter, and something very like a qualm of conscience if the length of the sausage is not greatly reduced by your lunch. And the fare she provides, though simple, is both plentiful and excellent of its kind. No one can roast a goose better, or is a finer judge of sauerkraut. If she has a weakness, it is the belief that coffee is improved by chicory; but it must be confessed that she often clings to this heresy with a tenacity which seems quite foreign to her meek and yielding nature. She is firmly persuaded in her own mind that the objection men entertain to her favourite root is a pure superstition, and that they really like its taste if its name is carefully concealed. The visitor, therefore, who wishes to leave a pleasant impression behind him will do well to bring a good appetite, and to praise everything that is set before him except the coffee; if he says a word in favour of that he may be sure that he will be cited as an authority on the wife's side whenever the household grievance is discussed.

The clergyman's wife is not only unobtrusive, she is sincerely anxious to escape notice, and her husband aids and abets her efforts. Her thoughts are full of matters far more important than anything you can have to say. Her mind is a kind of sideboard on which all the dishes rest before they appear upon the table; the roast is on the one while the soup is on the other; and when the end of the meal has come, and the cake or pudding is safely placed before the guests, a great load is lifted from her heart; she remembers she is hungry, and likes to act accordingly. The kindest thing you can do is to let her have her own way; but if you insist on drawing her into conversation, you will probably find that her intellectual interests are not very quick or very deep. She is dogmatically certain that Schiller was a greater poet than Goethe, and knows several passages from his ballads and songs by heart; she has been taught enough of the history of literature to be able to say a few words about almost any German poet of the earlier periods without committing any glaring mistake, unless her memory fails her; but it is best not to push such subjects too far. She is acquainted with the principal events of Goethe's life, and the names of his works, and with something more than the names of several of Shakspeare's plays, of Byron's poems, and of Scott's novels; still there is probably a now-forgotten lyrical poet, who had his little day some ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, as the case may be, whom she thinks the equal of any of these writers; if you happen to know his works, you have found out the key to her heart. And then there was a story that was published about the same time—her husband and other male critics are doubtless right in thinking rather meanly of it, women cannot understand such things; but it seemed to her Oh, so true! Oh, so beautiful! And then she will remember herself, and drop her eyes, and fall silent again; but if you observe closely, you will see a flush on her cheek, and hear something that sounds like a sigh. When you praise anything her husband may have written, her eyes will brighten; but you soon find that she knows nothing about it beyond the title. Does she like music? O yes! she used to play a little long ago before she was married, and she went to the concerts in the provincial town where her father lived; they were delightful. "Do you think there ever was such a composer as Beethoven, except, perhaps, Mendelssohn?" The fact is, she knows nothing at all about music, and has hardly any ear; and yet there are two or three tunes that always bring the tears into her eyes. Is she fond of pictures? She hardly knows, she has seen so few; still there is one engraving that—but it is impossible to translate her enthusiasm into so sober a language as English. The work she adores may be one of the most marvellous of Albrecht Dürer's prints or the sorriest lithograph that ever left a German press; it is pretty certain to be one that hung in her

mother's room. You soon find that such talk as this hardly repays the trouble it costs you; but you do not perhaps realize the distress it causes your hostess. When she endeavours to drag her daughter by main force into the conversation, and to direct your attention to her, you fancy she does so solely for the purpose of giving the girl an opportunity of displaying her accomplishments. But this is by no means the case. The good lady regards your light and airy questionings as a dreadful examination in which she is sure to be plucked. She is quite a different person when an old friend of her own sex comes to visit her for a day or two, and thus affords her an opportunity of giving an afternoon coffee-party. Only the peasant women who stand highest in her favour are invited. They collect outside the door, and enter the room in Indian file, with a considerable feeling of awe and many nods and courtesies. It is difficult to get them seated; but the work once done is well done; they seem to be glued to their chairs, and the little maid who brings in new supplies of provisions from time to time has to tack backwards and forwards between them like a boat in a narrow channel beset with rocks. The good women of the village regard their hostess with such reverence not only because she is the wife of their clergyman, but also because her youth was passed in a town, and she knows how to make several cakes which none of them ever tasted except at the parsonage, though several have vainly tried to reproduce them at home. Here the Frau Pastorin is voluble enough, and no one questions her theories as to the curing of hams, the education of infants, the treatment of the pip, or the spiritual significance of baptism. In fact, as her husband says, the coffee-party is her church, where the others have only to say Amen. Like him, she is content with a theoretical assent, and never ventures to inquire whether her hearers practise the principles they accept.

On Sundays, too, she appears in her glory, as, even in the old days before the characteristic costume of the peasants was going out of use, her right to dress herself and her daughters in as near an approximation to the fashion of the day as her means would permit was universally acknowledged. Every week she listens to her husband's sermon, and never hints that he repeats the same one too frequently, unless she happens to hear a whisper of it in the village, when she reports it to him as a mere piece of malignant scandal, that he may learn to be more careful without his feelings being hurt. She really listens to the sermon, and yet no new piece of fiery that is displayed in church escapes her notice, and she has her own opinion as to whether the expenditure is legitimate or not. In fact, she aspires to be the sumptuary conscience of the village, and she is all the more uncompromising because she feels herself to be exempt from the law she proclaims. This is her only public function. She rarely visits her neighbours, and when she does so it is always in a patronizing way, for she never for a moment forgets the superiority of her husband's position. Foreigners are sometimes inclined to blame him for a want of dignity; no one who has seen his wife moving among his parishioners ever thought of charging her with a similar fault.

She is by no means an ideal character, and the marriage does not quite realize the poet's dream of a perfect union; but it is hard to get any large amount of idealism out of an income of from ninety to a hundred and fifty pounds a year, when the real wants of a growing family have first to be provided for; and, if the Frau Pastorin were to endeavour "to enter into the intellectual interests of her husband," the comfort and plenty of the parsonage would soon disappear. As it is, she is up early and late, curing ham, preserving fruit, looking after her cows, pigs, and poultry, making her own and her children's clothes, and mending those of her husband. The only defect in her education which she seriously regrets is the fact that she was not taught tailoring when she was a girl; it would have been such a saving. She never talks to her husband about her anxieties and her labours; it would be below his dignity as a man and a clergyman to take any interest in these "women's affairs." It is his business to write and preach sermons, and hers to keep his life as free as may be from temporal cares. She conscientiously fulfils her part of the contract.

In all probability both husband and wife are in possession of some small property, either in money or land, which they have inherited from their parents, but its proceeds are scrupulously set aside for the children's benefit. Every now and then, too, the good housewife finds that she has more poultry, butter, cheese, and eggs than the family requires, and these some friendly neighbour is always ready to sell for her. By this means a little fund is formed which she looks upon as her own, and out of which she provides for such extra expenses as birthday cakes, Christmas presents, and the bottle or two of better wine always ready for a welcome guest. But all her savings and profits are not spent in this frank and open way. She has a secret hoard which began to accumulate shortly after her first son was born, and in which the price of many a much-desired but unbought dress and ribbon has been deposited. She knows that when boys grow old enough they have to leave their homes, and then she intends to send hers a mark or two every now and then, without their father's knowledge, to help them over an unexpected difficulty or to afford them a little innocent pleasure. The Frau Pastorin, we repeat, is not an ideal woman; she is not even a lady of high culture and refinement; but perhaps our good friend, the country clergyman, might have found a worse wife.

#### AMERICAN DEBT REDEMPTION.

ONE consequence of the rapid reduction of debt by the Government of the United States is causing apprehension amongst the business community of this country as well as of America; and a telegram from Washington states that the Secretary of the Treasury is devising a remedy to be laid before Congress when it meets in December. This consequence of debt redemption has long been foreseen by European economists, who have often expressed surprise that it has not sooner attracted attention at home. But those who are acquainted with human nature will hardly wonder that feelings of pride and exultation excluded all others in regard to this question from the breasts of the American people. At the close of the Civil War the debt of the United States amounted in round figures to nearly 476½ millions sterling. On the 1st of the current month it was under 263½ millions sterling. There has thus been a reduction in less than eighteen and a half years of very nearly 213 millions sterling. In reality, the reduction is larger still; for when the United States Government was preparing for the resumption of specie payments, it issued nearly 20 millions sterling of debt. The apparent reduction of debt shown by the above figures must, therefore, be increased by this latter sum. We thus arrive at the fact that in less than eighteen and a half years the Government of the United States has paid off almost half the enormous debt it incurred in subduing the South. This is a financial exploit never equalled by any other country. And when we bear in mind that the Civil War was the most terrible in history, and that in the Southern States society itself was revolutionized, and the organization of industry entirely thrown out of gear, while the former free citizens were reduced to extreme poverty, our readers will be able to understand how justifiable is the pride taken by the people of the United States in the sacrifices they have made to pay off their debt so rapidly. The rate of redemption has greatly increased during the past four years, when the average has been nearly 25 millions sterling a year. If this average could be kept up, it will be seen that the entire existing debt would be wiped out in ten or eleven years; and, consequently, that the whole debt incurred in maintaining the integrity of the Union would be cleared off in the course of a single generation. As a matter of fact, the redemption of debt cannot be carried on at the rate of 25 millions sterling a year. For of the outstanding debt 50 millions sterling cannot be paid off at par for eight years, while 147½ millions sterling cannot be paid off at par for twenty-four years. But there are 61 millions sterling which can be redeemed at any time, and it is probable that these will be entirely wiped out in the course of two or three years. While the American people may well boast of their efforts and sacrifices to clear off their debt, these efforts and sacrifices have nevertheless been attended by some serious disadvantages. They have rendered necessary the maintenance of a prohibitive system of Customs duties which has prevented American manufacturers from competing freely with their foreign rivals in the markets of the world. And a still more serious matter is that the system has so raised the cost of living in the United States that the working classes have not participated to the extent which was their right in the wonderful prosperity of the country. The disadvantage, however, which is now causing apprehension in the business community is of a different kind. It has reference to the effect of the redemption of the debt upon the note circulation of the United States.

When Mr. Chase was looking in all directions for the means of supporting the vast armies that were being hurled against the South, he bethought himself of creating a uniform banking system for the whole Union. Previously every State had its banking laws, which differed widely amongst themselves, and produced a chaos somewhat similar to that which existed in the old Germanic Confederation. The panic of 1857 brought out very clearly the defects of this system, and Mr. Chase therefore had behind him a strong public opinion when he undertook the reform of the existing banking system of the United States. His real object, however, was not so much to provide a good banking system as to create a home market for the loans which the United States were then issuing in quick succession and for immense amounts to subdue the South. Here in Europe there was a general feeling adverse to the North. Politicians thought that the North was not justified in making war upon the South, and they believed that it would fail in maintaining the Union; while the financial world was alarmed by the rapidity with which loan followed loan, and doubted whether the North would in any case be able to pay its debts. In consequence the credit of the United States stood very low, and the loans had to be issued at a ruinous discount. Mr. Chase endeavoured to remedy this state of things by creating a national banking system, and giving to the National banks authority to issue bank-notes provided they held as security for those notes interest-bearing bonds of the United States Government. He provided also a strict official supervision, but with that we are not now engaged. It is enough to state that for every 90 dollars which a bank issued in notes it was required to lodge in the Treasury of the United States as security for the redemption of those notes interest-bearing bonds of the United States of the nominal value of 100 dollars. As at the same time the notes of the old State banks were taxed out of existence, Mr. Chase hoped that all the money which had previously been used in banking would now be invested in United States bonds, and to a large extent he was right. The National banking system extended widely, but the old State banks by no means died out.



The arrangement, it will be seen, was very advantageous to the new banks. As the bonds of the United States were selling far under par, and as, at the same time, by holding 100 dollars nominal in bonds the bank could issue 90 dollars of notes with which to discount bills and to make loans to borrowers, a banking Company obtained a much larger capital than its members subscribed. This continued to be so as long as United States bonds were selling below 90. At the same time, the banking association received interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum upon every nominal 100 dollars of bonds it held. And, in addition to all this, it received interest—at that time varying from 7 to 10 per cent.—on its own notes invested in bills or lent to borrowers. The arrangement, therefore, was highly profitable to the National banks, and accordingly National banks grew up all over the country. But when the war came to an end, and when the Government found itself in a position to begin paying off debt, the price of its bonds gradually rose, until in 1870 the Government was able to reduce the interest upon part of its debt from 6 per cent. to 5 per cent., and in the following eight years it converted the remainder of its debt into Four-and-a-half per Cents. and Four per Cents. Two years ago the Fives, created in 1871, fell due, and the interest on them was again reduced to 3½ per cent.; while last year on a portion the interest was further reduced to 3 per cent. Thus, by successive steps, the interest on the debt of the United States has been so reduced that now the highest rate is 4½ per cent. and the lowest only 3 per cent.; whereas, during the years immediately following the war, 6 per cent. was the uniform rate. And, furthermore, as we have just been stating, about half the principal of the debt has been paid off. As the credit of the country has thus risen, and as the debt has been rapidly reduced, prices have risen in proportion, so that the Three per Cents. are now above par, while the Fours are 124½. The Government has now redeemed all the Three-and-a-half per Cents., and it has called in for redemption six millions sterling of the Threes. Consequently, there now remain of the Threes uncalled only about fifty-five millions sterling. According to the Report of the Comptroller of the Currency, nearly thirty-six millions sterling of the Threes were held by the National banks as security for their bank-note circulation a year ago, while the total amount held as security for the circulation by banks actually in existence was not twice as much. Within the next two or three years, therefore, half the bonds now held by the National banks as security for their note circulation will be paid off by the Government, and then the banks will either have to give up the issue of notes or to buy Four-and-a-half per Cents. or Four per Cents. The Fours and the Four-and-a-half together amount to 197½ millions sterling; and it is evident that, if the National banks were to go into the market, and to compete with all other buyers for 36 millions sterling of them, they would raise the price very greatly—perhaps ten or twenty per cent., perhaps much more. It is clear that the banks have no inducement to buy at such high prices. The Four-and-a-half per Cents., as we have said, will be redeemable in eight years. They will then, as a matter of course, be called in for redemption at par, and the banks would thus lose that part of their capital which they paid for them above par. It seems certain, therefore, that, if the existing law is maintained, the note circulation of the United States will be contracted to about half its present amount within the next two or three years, which would probably lead to serious troubles in the money market, and might even bring on a panic that would have an effect in Europe.

It is possible that Congress may repeal many taxes next Session, and may thus reduce the surplus income, which is now applied to the redemption of debt. But, even if it does so, it will only postpone the difficulty. In a few more years that difficulty will recur as urgently as ever. Therefore it is clearly the duty of the American Government to relieve the banks and the trading classes generally from the embarrassment in which they are placed by Mr. Chase's law. The question is, What ought the Government to do? One suggestion is that the banks should be allowed to substitute for United States bonds, bonds of the several States and of the local authorities, perhaps also of the leading Railway Companies. There is an insuperable objection to this, however—namely, that at present the Government guarantees the exchangeability of the bank-note. It does so with perfect safety, because its own security is lodged with itself to far more than the value of the notes. But if securities were lodged with it, issued by authorities over which it has no real control, it clearly could not continue to guarantee the exchangeability of the note. To adopt this suggestion, therefore, would be tantamount to giving up the most characteristic feature of Mr. Chase's system. Furthermore, at present the Comptroller of the Currency exercises a very strict supervision over the National banks. He is authorized, for example, to examine the securities of all kinds held by the banks. But it would be a very invidious task for an official of the Federal Government to say that the credit of a State forming part of the Union or of a local authority was not good enough to be accepted as security for the notes of a bank. Another suggestion made is that the Government should leave to the banks themselves to determine what security they shall hold for their note circulation. This is especially favoured by the party who champion free-trade in banking. But the same objection as that already stated applies to this suggestion. The Government could not continue to guarantee the exchangeability of the notes if it had no voice in deciding whether the security lodged with it was good or bad. If, then, either of these suggestions are adopted, the cardinal points of Mr. Chase's system must be given up.

The Government can no longer guarantee the exchangeability of the notes; nor can it continue to print and distribute the notes, to call in and pay off the notes of banks in liquidation, or generally to make itself responsible for the circulation. A third suggestion is, that the example of Germany a few years ago should be followed. Modelling its banking system upon our own, the German Parliament enacted that banks of issue might continue to issue notes up to a certain amount without holding any security; but that, if they exceeded the authorized amount, they should either pay a heavy tax to the Government, or should hold an equivalent amount of coin and bullion. There would be a strong opposition offered to this suggestion were it really adopted by the United States Government, because it would lead to a great further demand for gold in the United States, and would thus continue the struggle for gold of which we have heard so much. But the Government of the United States is not bound to consider the convenience of other countries. What it has to weigh is the interest of its own subjects. And if it deems it to be wise that the banks should hold security for their notes in gold or silver, or both, its duty is to determine that they shall do so. If this is the decision of Congress, the existing system can be maintained in its entirety. For if the banks hold an equivalent security in coin and bullion, the Government can fairly continue on its part to guarantee the exchangeability of the notes, and, in fact, can maintain in all its integrity the existing National bank system.

#### THE THEATRES.

IT would be almost enough to say of the piece now being acted at the St. James's that it is founded on an American story by an American playwright. The latest school of criticism in the United States has taken to glorying in the fact that their novel-writers have shaken themselves free from the rude dramatic traditions of the Old World. In the place of such barbarous means of exciting interest as well-balanced plots and strong passions, they are to give us elaborate analyses of the characters of people who do not know what they would be at, and show us how life is filled with the making of much ado about nothing. America has made its declaration of intellectual independence, and will have nothing more to say to the toys of an effete civilization. There is no small pleasure and dignity in making a "new departure" in literature, even when it is only an old routine with a new face; but Americans, like other people, cannot have their cake and eat it too. They have got rid of the dramatic element in novels, and they must resign themselves to losing it on the stage. Whatever else American plays belonging to this new school may be, they will not be dramatic. As an example of such a play *Young Folks' Ways* is entitled to some consideration, for we are by no means sure that we shall not see its like again.

Looked at as a "thing in itself," *Young Folks' Ways*, as Messrs. Hare and Kendal have rechristened *Esmeralda*, is a very poor play. Its plot has been worn threadbare. We all know a dozen stories or plays of one kind or another which are based on some such idea as this—a worthy but poor young man loves a poor but virtuous maiden. Wealth comes, or seems to come, to the maiden's family, and then a stern parent—in the present case it is the mother—separates the lovers. The hero desponds, the heroine repines and rejects the aristocratic suitor favoured by her cruel parent. The other parent—it is the father in this play—sympathizes with the poor child, but all is apparently in vain. The wicked mother seems likely to win, when it is suddenly discovered that the wealth really belongs to the lover. The noble youth behaves like a gentleman, virtue triumphs, and vice is defeated. Considering the loudness of the crowing we have lately heard across the Atlantic, it must be confessed that all this seems to be a little wanting in originality. We have seen it before, and there does not seem to be any possibility of making anything new out of it. Still a skilled playwright might have so handled these materials as to make a fairly dramatic piece out of them. Mr. W. H. Gillette has done his work in entire oblivion of the fact that he was working for the stage. The truth about the hero's wealth is discovered in the second act, and the last two have to drag on when the action is already finished. He has handled his characters as feebly as his plot. Old Rogers—the weak old father—appears from the first as a hen-pecked and cowardly old creature, who lives in terror of his wife. It is impossible to feel anything but contempt for a father who allows his shrew of a wife to torture the daughter whom he loves. He is doubtless true to life, but on the stage he is not sympathetic. Now we are expected to sympathize with Old Rogers. *Esmeralda*, the daughter, is not our ideal of a brave and loving American girl. She yields to her mother in the most abject way. Father and daughter both rebel in the course of the play, but without affecting the action of the plot in any way. Dave Hardy, the lover, is not much better. It is possible that when the ore is supposed to be discovered on the farm of the Rogers he should yield to the tergiversant mother, and not press his claim to the daughter's hand. A brave man might well be unselfish enough to wait and see whether the girl's love was strong enough to endure separation and the temptations of wealth. But would he have done it as he does in *Young Folks' Ways*, merely to prevent a vulgar shrew from calling him mean, and without considering the woman he loved? Again, having done it, was he the kind of man to leave his farm and come to loaf

under windows and starve in the streets of Paris? The play is full of inconsequences of this kind and of beginnings which lead to nothing. It is dragged out to four acts by the help of a subplot which has nothing to do with the main action. What the play was when it appeared for the first in New York we do not know, but at the St. James's the subplot looks as if it had been put in to give Mr. and Mrs. Kendal another opportunity for more of the semi-comic love-making in which they excel.

Although no virtues in the acting could make *Young Folks' Ways* appear anything but a poor play, it is conceivable that an American company might have made parts of it amusing enough. Actors who possessed the necessary local knowledge might have made character parts out of Old Rogers, the farmer, his shrew of a wife, and the lover, Dave Hardy, and so have lightened the tedium of the play. At the St. James's the English interpreters can only act it like any other comedy, with the inevitable result of showing the full extent of its feebleness. There is very properly no attempt to imitate the American accent. Mr. Hare does his best with the Carolinian farmer Rogers—that is to say, he makes him a good-hearted weak old creature. We feel that Mrs. Rogers must have been a terrible shrew to bully him, and also that he scarcely deserved better treatment. When he allows his farm to be sold against his wish, and stands by while his daughter is made miserable, he simply appears a selfish coward who is so afraid of his wife that he is as much responsible for the mischief she does as the woman herself. Mrs. Vezin plays the termagant Mrs. Rogers with force and without exaggeration. Mrs. and Mr. Kendal act their little subplot as the politely comic lovers with their usual taste. We have seen them do the same characters so frequently of late that fresh criticism is superfluous, but it may be said that Mrs. Kendal has never been better than in one part of the third act of this play. Mr. Maclean plays the artist, Jack Desmond, like an actor who knows his business. If Miss Dietz does not do much as Kate Desmond it must in fairness be said that there was not much to do. She would, however, do well to tone down certain extravagances of sprightliness in which she thinks fit to indulge. That advice might, indeed, be given all the actors who take part in the luncheon scene in the second act, when Mrs. Kendal and Messrs. Kendal and Maclean carry their liveliness to the verge of buffoonery. The acting is, unfortunately, weakest where it most needs to be strong. Mr. Alexander would certainly have a hard task not to make Dave Hardy seem a most spiritless young man, but he does worse than make him tame. This actor, who gained a certain amount of praise on his first appearance in the revival of the *Two Roses*, drops at the St. James's into the worst vices of the provincial stage. He takes stock attitudes, and makes stagey gestures of the most old-fashioned kind. At times he bursts into imitations of that part of Mr. Irving's acting which all the world can imitate, and he does it very ill. In the small part of a Yankee speculator Mr. Waring startles the polite atmosphere of the St. James's with the scowls and strides of a transpontine villain. Mr. Darley plays a French marquis in the traditional fashion and with the sallow complexion of a Spaniard. As this is Miss Webster's first appearance on the stage, it would scarcely be fair to criticize her acting as Esmeralda as if it were the performance of a practised artist. At present she is a little wanting in genuine feeling, and the want is serious; but, like others, it can be at least partly remedied by honest and intelligent work.

The two so-called melodramas now running at the Adelphi and Drury Lane call for no literary criticism. They are the work of the stage carpenter and the enterprising manager, who know that the taste of the day is for scenic effects and "realism." Still one star differs from another in glory even in theatrical claptrap, and of these two "new dramas" that at the Adelphi is much the least bad. In *The Ranks* is not a play, if coherence of plot and consistency even in the improbable are required to make one, but it is well adapted to please the gallery, for whom it was written. Messrs. Sims and Pettitt know just how much pathos and how much fun their audience like, and they mix them in proper proportions. The scenes follow one another in a string, but still they rattle briskly along. The pathos is stereotyped and the jokes are old, but they are of the kind which stand wear with a certain sort of audience. This much must be conceded to *In the Ranks*. It is excellently put upon the stage. All the scenes are well painted and well arranged; the village church in the second act making as pretty a picture as we have seen. The crowds are well drilled, and the small parts competently filled. Mr. Charles Warner tramps about with a beaming smile when he has to look happy, and drops a manly tear in his hour of trial. Miss Isabel Bateman makes her reappearance on the stage, to the delight of the audience. Mr. Beveridge shows his teeth as the villain with all his usual vigour. Mr. Ryder acts his part of the Colonel soundly. The comic part of Joe Buzzard is capably filled by that excellent low comedian Mr. Garden.

As for the last Drury Lane success, its merits are as easy to sum up as were those of Touchstone's pancakes. It is naught, and it is naught with a great deal of pretension. The shares of the two authors in the composition of this shapeless production are probably unequal. Mr. Robert Buchanan may have devoted himself to an effort to remove the foul blot of capital punishment from our civilization, and Mr. Harris may have arranged the tableaux, in which he is the principal figure. We see a great deal of Mr. Harris as the British sailor. He comes tumbling on continually in an ill-fitting blue suit, strikes attitudes, shivers his timbers, and is equally lavish of his money and of the finest sentiments. As a piece of burlesque, we have seen few more amusing things than the picture

presented by this plump British tar jumping up to hug his lass, or crawling with precaution down the companion-ladder of the *Albatross*. What the piece was to be we might have guessed; but in one respect it has been disappointing. It was, at least, to be expected that the scenery would be good. The vaunted explosion could be beaten by any average naughty boy who had got possession of twopennyworth of gunpowder and a frying-pan. It is excelled as mere noise by the drums in the orchestra. But Mr. Harris's triumph is the ship. In this astounding craft the fore-castle is apparently amidships, the sailors make a see-saw of the mainyard, and as for the one sail it can only be described in nautical phrase. It looks like a purser's shirt on a handspike. After the wreck the foremast may be seen wobbling at the end of a rope, while Mr. Harris is trying to do gymnastics on the main-top. The final scene in the condemned cell, which Mr. Buchanan, with all the pride of poetic genius, calls a protest against a foul blot on our civilization, is a piece of vulgar claptrap. Mr. Buchanan apparently thinks his share in *A Sailor and his Lass* creditable to his ambition as a man of letters, and as he is satisfied we have no more to say; but it is a pity to see good comic artists such as Messrs. Jackson and Nicholls, and good melodramatic artists like Mr. Fernandez and Miss Sophie Eyre, thrown away among all this frowsy sentiment, sham realism, and stale fun.

#### THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

WHETHER we may approve of it or not, there can be no doubt that a study of the odds adds considerably to the enjoyment of racing. We are very far from saying that racing cannot be enjoyed by a person who never bets, but some notice of the betting is almost necessary to race-goers, whether they themselves bet or not. Just as a Minister of Foreign Affairs may anxiously examine the Share-lists, although he may never invest his own money in anything more speculative than English Debenture Stock, so may a man who is fond of racing read the quotations of the odds on a great race, although he may never make the smallest bet. These betting quotations have a special interest in the case of the larger handicaps, even to those who never gamble; for while the published weights give the official handicapper's judgment of the relative merits of the horses engaged, the state of the betting gives the criticism of the public on that judgment, and the result of the race proves whether the author of the handicap or his critics have been in the right. Neither of these matters may appear at first sight of great importance, but they afford interest and amusement to many people who never see a race and to some who never make a bet.

One of the first horses that was backed at a short price for the Cambridgeshire was Shotover, the winner of the Derby of last year, and there were very plausible reasons for her favouritism. Here was a Derby winner put into the handicap at 7 st. 12 lbs., whereas the winner of the Oaks of the same year was weighted at 8 st. 11 lbs. The Derby is supposed to be the greatest trophy of the Turf, and horses that win it are presumably the best of the highest class; and yet Shotover was handicapped 23 lbs. below the top weight in the Cambridgeshire. The mare had certainly run badly this year; but it was thought that she could scarcely have deteriorated to the extent of more than a stone and a half. For a long time she remained very steady in the betting, at about 14 to 1; but at last it turned out that the handicapper had been right in treating her as a mare that had lost her form, for on the 8th of October she was scratched, and before the day of the race she was thrown out of training. Another early favourite was Goldfield. This horse was handicapped at the same weight as Shotover, and, as he is a three-year-old, he was in reality put into the race on about 8 lbs. worse terms. He had not won a race this year, although he had run half a dozen times; but he had been placed four times, and he had been fourth for the Derby. Horses that have a habit of running into places are not often trusted, for they are generally suspected of faint-heartedness; but Goldfield's case seemed to be an exception to this rule, as he remained first favourite for some time. He ran a public trial at the First October Meeting in the Great Foal Stakes, for which he started first favourite, the second favourite being Ossian, the winner of the St. Leger. Goldfield joined Ossian at the Bushes, but in descending the hill he did not appear to be able to move freely. From the Dip, however, he regained his ground rapidly, yet without reaching Ossian, who won by a length. Assuming that Ossian gave Goldfield a 7 lb. beating, in addition to the 7 lbs. that he was allowing him by the terms of the race, it was necessary to suppose that Ossian could win the Cambridgeshire under 8 st. 12 lbs. if Goldfield was to win it under 7 st. 12 lbs. Yet soon after the Great Foal Stakes Goldfield was backed for the Cambridgeshire at 9 to 1. A few days afterwards he was supplanted in the betting by another favourite, of whom we shall have something to say presently; and, after remaining for two or three days at 14 to 1, it was reported that he was only doing walking exercise, when he went down to 50 to 1, a price from which he rose again considerably a little later. Another of the early favourites was Hamako. He was handicapped 12 lbs. lower than Goldfield. In the Great Foal Stakes he was only receiving 5 lbs. from Goldfield, and with that allowance he finished ten lengths behind him, which did not make his chance look very promising. About the middle of September he was backed at 15 to 1. A week afterwards it was understood that he was to run in a private trial.



After this trial the first rumour that reached London was that he had won easily, and he was immediately backed heavily; but a little later in the day the news came that he had been beaten, and then he was sent to 40 to 1. Shortly afterwards came his race in the Great Foal Stakes, which was certainly no feather in his cap; but a couple of days later he beat Ladislas by a neck, when receiving 5 lbs. in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, which was the first race he ever won; and after this he went up again to 14 to 1. At about the same time a four-year-old called Medicus, weighted at only 6 st. 5 lbs., was backed at 10 to 1. He had won five races as a two-year-old, but he had only run once as a three-year-old, when he was beaten; and the only time he had run this year he was unplaced. Yet he started at 7 to 4. It is needless to say that his public form had nothing whatever to do with his position in the betting market. We must now refer to the race for the Cesarewitch, which, it will be remembered, Don Juan, carrying 5 st. 10 lbs., won by a length, while Hackness, carrying 7 st. 4 lbs., was second, a length in front of Cosmos, who carried 6 st. 5 lbs. Now Cosmos was in the same stable as Medicus, and both horses were entered for the Cambridgeshire. It was soon spread about that Cosmos was not nearly so good as Medicus, and that his forward running in the Cesarewitch pointed to Medicus being the greatest certainty for the Cambridgeshire ever known. In order to prevent the public from backing horses which had no chance of victory, the Duke of Hamilton scratched both Cosmos and Vibration a week before the race, and his doing so caused Medicus to become, if possible, an even stronger favourite than before.

After her good performance in the Cesarewitch, Hackness became a strong second favourite for the Cambridgeshire. In fact, she was a better favourite than she would have been if she had won, for she was beaten by a length, after running exceedingly well, and thereby incurred no penalty for the Cambridgeshire, whereas if she had won she would have had to carry a stone extra. Last year she won the Cambridgeshire by three lengths under 6 st. 4 lbs., and she won so easily that it was impossible to say that she could not have won under 7 st. 6 lbs., which was the weight she was now to carry. Don Juan, the winner of the Cesarewitch, had, of course, to carry the extra stone as a penalty for his victory, but that only brought his weight up to 6 st. 12 lbs. He had just the powerful quarters and loins, with low-set hocks, which are considered necessary for a Cambridgeshire horse, and many people expected him to win the double event, but as the day of the race drew near, he was said to be wrong in some way, and shortly afterwards he was scratched. Tonans, who had been fourth in the Cesarewitch, only about two lengths and a half behind the winner, was another horse who looked as if he ought to be able to get up the Cambridgeshire hill, and, being a quick mover, he might, some good judges thought, be more suited to the Cambridgeshire course than to that of the Cesarewitch. Thebais had 8 st. 13 lbs. to carry—a heavier weight than any which had been carried to victory in the Cambridgeshire, with the single exception of Foxhall's 9 st. Excuses had been made for Elzevir's defeat in the St. Leger, and his victory in the Royal Hunt Cup had certainly been a very smart one, but he had won that race under 7 st. 7 lbs., which was a very different thing to the 8 st. 3 lbs. he was now to carry. There were good excuses also for Beau Brummell's defeat in the Derby, and on his two-year-old form he was by no means out of the Cambridgeshire at 8 st. 1 lb.; but he had not the reputation of being a very "wear and tear" sort of horse. Acrostic, who had shown a little moderate form both as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old, seemed lightly put in at 6 st. 6 lbs. One of the most unlikely horses to win, on his public form, was Master of Arts, a three-year-old that had run three times last season, and once this, without even getting placed. He was by Beaulere out of Stella by High Treason, which was good breeding for speed, and he was weighted at only 5 st. 12 lbs. He was in the same stable as Don Juan, and some people prophesied that his clever trainer, who had won the Cesarewitch with that horse under 5 st. 10 lbs., would win the Cambridgeshire with Master of Arts under 5 st. 12 lbs. Don Juan had won a small handicap, but otherwise there had been a great similarity between the careers of the two horses. Rookery had not won a race this year, although she had run very often, but she had been placed four times, and last year she had won half a dozen good races and been placed three times, so 6 st. 7 lbs. did not seem much for her to carry if she was within 7 lbs. of her form of last season. There was another horse that was occasionally backed at about 50 to 1. This was Bendigo, an Irish-bred three-year-old by Ben Battle, carrying 6 st. 10 lbs. The only race in which he had ever run was the Cesarewitch, when he made the running as far as the Bushes. After the race he had a sore throat and was blistered, and he did nothing but walking exercise for several days.

The race for the Cambridgeshire is run over the last part of the Beacon course, with a piece added on to it. The distance is one mile and 240 yards. The course is perfectly straight, and in consequence of the rising ground over which it passes it is very severe. The start takes place about a quarter of a mile from the embankment known as the Devil's Ditch, and the winning-post is at the corner of the heath nearest to Newmarket. After going about a quarter of a mile, we come to the place where the Beacon course runs into the Cambridgeshire course, and very soon afterwards to the starting-post for the Criterion course and the Turn of the Lands. In rather less than a furlong and a half further on we pass the Old Betting Post, and nearly a quarter of a mile beyond this is the winning-post.

There were twenty-five starters, and, after four breaks away, they got off on very fair terms. Medicus was one of the first horses to take the lead; but, when they had run two hundred yards, Rookery went to the front, and made the running as far as the Red Post, where she gave up the lead to Tonans, close to whom were Medicus and Bendigo. Thebais was also very forward, and Hackness was just behind her. Medicus then made an attempt to challenge Tonans, but he failed completely, and one of the strongest favourites ever known for the Cambridgeshire was beaten. Bendigo also challenged Tonans, but when Luke tried to rouse him he swerved right across the course to the rails. Little more notice was taken of him, and Tonans went gaily on, and passed the winning-post three lengths in advance of Medicus. When, however, the number of the winner was put up, it was not that of Tonans, but that of Bendigo. Most of the spectators thought that Tonans had won; but it seems that Bendigo, after swerving, had dashed up close to the rails and won by a neck. Allowing for the ground that he lost by swerving, Bendigo must have run up at a wonderful pace at the finish. The running of Medicus was a terrible disappointment to his backers, for in the Cesarewitch Cosmos had finished in front of Tonans, and the owner of Cosmos scratched him for the Cambridgeshire because he had been tried to be much inferior to Medicus; yet in the race for the Cambridgeshire Tonans proved himself to be very superior to Medicus. A great mistake must have been made somewhere. Bendigo is one of those muscular-quartered horses that often run well over the Cambridgeshire course, but some critics consider his hocks a little coarse. He was sold for 70 guineas as a yearling, and this year he was bought by his present owner, Mr. H. T. Barclay, for 850 guineas. Backers are not likely to forget the Cambridgeshire of 1883 in a hurry.

## REVIEWS.

### THE LIVES OF THE BERKELEYS.\*

MANY people have heard of the Smith or Smyth manuscripts at Berkeley Castle, but few have seen them. They were compiled by the family steward early in the seventeenth century, a fact which, considering the untrustworthy nature of most of the genealogical work of that period, is enough to make us look at them with a suspicion which Smyth, when we make some allowance for the darkness of the period, does not deserve. He wrote "to tell that noble family in general, and particularly that matches Lady mother, the noble Lord George her sonne, and his virtuous sister the Lady Theophila," that

Their race was not of yesterday, or lately brought to passe,  
Of old it was, and know they shall, whence its beginning was;

and he starts, of course, with the life of Harding, "a younger sonne of the King of Denmark." He goes, not uncritically, into the evidences afforded by various ancient documents, and the reader has several versions of the story to choose from. Smyth gives full prominence to Robert, "surnamed Fitz Harding," who was "Mayor of Bristol," and founder of the "monastery of St. Augustines neere unto the sayd City." He next labours to find a King of Denmark to fit the place of Harding's father, but without success. He spent some time, he tells us, "in searching after the line of Squantiber the first, Prince of Vandalls, Sclavony, Duke of Pomerand, and Stettin," but not having the materials for such an inquiry was obliged to leave the question among those he "could not attayne unto." So the Berkeleys' descent from Squantiber I. is not proven, and indeed modern research has shown that the royal origin of Harding was invented in the fourteenth century, "236 years after the supposed date of Harding's death." The legendary freebooter whose alliance with the Conqueror added such strength to the Norman army turns out to have been a son of Alnod, or Ealnoth, the Staller of Edward the Confessor, presumably a Saxon whose estates were bestowed by William on Hugh de Abrincis. But Harding, if he was not a Danish pirate, may have preyed on his neighbours in a different way. If there was a Danish element in his blood it showed itself without any recourse to privateering on the high seas, for "he was certainly a lawyer," and a contemporary historian, William of Malmesbury, who must have known all about him, being a West-country man himself, says expressly that "he was a man more accustomed to kindle strife by his malignant tongue than to wield arms in the field of battle." The editor of this volume gives us nearly all that is known from the painstaking notes on the Domesday Book by the late Mr. Eyton and by Mr. A. S. Ellis, but we must hesitate to accept the guess that, because Harding married the niece of a Bishop of London, the Berkeley family have a mitre for their crest. The first appearance of the mitre crest is much too late for this to be possible. Robert Fitz Harding of Bristol was the second or younger son of Harding, his elder brother Nicholas founding the family of Meriet, so called from a manor in Somerset which had belonged to Harding. Mr. Ellis has compiled a pedigree which shows very clearly the true descent of the Meriets of Meriet, the Berkeleys of Berkeley, and the Fitznichols of Tickenham, from the Bristol lawyer with the malignant tongue. In after ages his posterity repaid to the

\* *The Lives of the Berkeleys.* By John Smyth, of Nibley. Edited by Sir John Maclean for the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, and Printed at Gloucester by John Bellows. 1883.

profession much that their ancestor had derived from his practice, for there is probably no house of equal antiquity in England that has kept itself more before the public by means of family lawsuits and disputes. The castle of Berkeley came into the possession of Harding's descendants by a legal quibble, and has been more than once alienated before, and reverted eventually to the direct line—"five times," says Smyth, as long ago as the reign of James I., "five times hath this great and opulent family of the Berkeleys been dispossessed of all her possessions."

There were great and ancient Lords of Berkeley before the Bristol lawyer cast his covetous eyes on that fair inheritance. But in the wars of Matilda and Stephen, Fitz Harding espoused the victorious side, and obtained various grants of land which had previously belonged to the Lord of Berkeley and Dursley, including the very manor of Berkeley-Harness itself from which his name was derived. Robert Fitz Harding pushed his advantage to the utmost, and the rival Lords, the old and the new, led each other a wretched life; and when, to use the quaint words of Smyth, "Sir Robert Fitz Harding was lord and Baron of Berkeley, the said Roger lord and Baron of Dursley vexed and troubled with him sore grievously" that King Henry had to intervene and make peace between them. Marriages between a son and a daughter of each house were arranged, and Robert was at liberty to build his castle. The old house subsisted for many years with varying fortunes; but eventually, in the reign of Henry IV., the Lord Berkeley of the day bought Dursley from the heiress of the older line. Maurice, the son of Robert Fitz Harding, assumed the name itself of Berkeley; and, although the new Lords showed themselves in generation after generation worthy descendants of the old Bristol lawyer, they increased in wealth and honour, and made no insignificant mark upon the pages of our national history.

The present volume is printed from MSS. which have been preserved ever since the time of their writer, John Smyth, in the muniment room at Berkeley Castle. The quaint style, the evident partiality, the apologetic character of the book are enough to make it interesting, and it is impossible not to remark the beauty of the way in which Mr. Bellows has accomplished his task. It is seldom, indeed, that a book printed like this comes before the reviewer; and we notice it with the more pleasure because hand-made paper and old-faced type have been rather overdone of late years. The preface hardly tells us enough about the manuscripts at Berkeley; but we gather that a future volume will contain a complete account of the twenty-one different books compiled by the indefatigable steward for the instruction and information of the young Lord George, then a minor. The record, so far as we have it, does not show the Berkeleys in an amiable light. They may have been no worse than their neighbours; but one is inclined, after reading a few pages, to recall the verdict of the King of Brobdingnag when he had listened to Gulliver's summary of European history. "Maurice the First," to begin with, is a most accomplished ruffian, and it taxes all Smyth's ingenuity to draw a moral even by way of warning from his career. Robert, his successor, gave much land to religious uses, and was one of the confederated Barons against King John, which gives Smyth occasion for a long lesson against rebellion, which may have had its effect in keeping his pupil quiet during the time of the Commonwealth. Thomas Berkeley, his brother, succeeded Robert, and is remarkable for the number of his lawsuits. As soon as he was dead his widow brought an action for dower against her eldest son, and Smyth remarks that "this lady Jane may be held to have bene somewhat too much inclined to contention, through the many suits of small moment wherewith shee oft entangled herself." Lord Maurice the Second, to use Smyth's system of nomenclature, was as fond of litigation as his father and mother, the mere enumeration of the actions he brought and the actions brought against him occupying more than a dozen pages. Of "Thomas the Second," his son, Smyth cannot say enough in praise—the Solomon of his time, a man of men, a man for all hours and all affairs, whose comparatively honest and honourable career stands out in strong contrast to the lives of many of his ancestors and descendants. Smyth indeed says of him that he was "much to be preferred before the best of his former six forefathers." He is generally reckoned the first Baron Berkeley by authorities who do not believe in baronies by tenure; but his title is probably now in abeyance. There is much confusion in the records on this subject, as may be seen by a reference to Courthope and Nicolas; and, in fact, a student of peerage law who is acquainted with all the ramifications of the various Berkeley cases has very little more to learn. The third Baron, another Thomas, was the gaoler of Edward II., and though he was away from home at "other his dwelling places" at the time of the murder, his name can never be disconnected from it. Smyth's account of the whole matter is curious in the extreme. Lord Thomas, notwithstanding this unfortunate beginning of his career, is, on the whole, a favourite with his biographer, who particularly commends the way his accounts were kept, and makes many interesting quotations from them. Thus of his hunting we read, "That hee and his brothers have kept out 4 nights and days together, with their nets and dogs, in hunting of the fox." A net in a fox hunt would hardly be tolerated now, but neither would it be lawful to call hounds "dogs." But he was a great sportsman, no doubt, "and with this delight of hunting this lord began and dyed." He also kept hawks. "His Reeves accounts of Hame Portbury and Wotton do tell us:—That they have eaten five and six of their hens in a

night and day, whilst this lord and his falconers stayed with them in those manors." Smyth goes on to observe, "In the middle of this lord's life, hee payed fifteen shillings for a tarsell gentle and 35s. for a falcon; in which sports neither the use nor delight is reprehensible, but the abuse." Like so many others of the family he was as fond of litigation as of field sports, and Smyth gives in great detail his contests with John Berkeley of Dursley, who took advantage of the Baron's troubles at the beginning of the reign of Edward III. to try to recover in a measure the position from which the family of the Bristol lawyer had ousted his ancestors. The last Lord Berkeley noticed in the present volume is "Maurice the Fourth," the son of Thomas, who died in 1368, and we must look forward to the next volume for an account of the alienation of Berkeley Castle to Henry VII., and of the offence which the Lord Berkeley of that time, a marquis, took at his brother's marriage with the daughter of a Bristol alderman. We may be sure that if the rest of the book is worthy of its commencement, the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, for whom it is printed, are to be congratulated on the sound judgment which has led them to spend their money on one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of mediæval history which has appeared since the publication of the *Paston Letters*. It is, however, a pity that the circulation of such a work should be confined to the members of a single not very large society.

GEORGE ELVASTON.\*

THIS story opens on the terrace of an old Elizabethan mansion, with the moon not only rising, but rising high in heaven, at the same time that it made a path of glory across the ocean, and shimmered with a sort of hallowed, softened radiance. Later on we come to a second mansion, also Elizabethan. Both are described at some length, and in very fine language. In the opening scene the moon rose high, not only on the old house, but on two sisters, Irene and Lilian Elvaston, who were walking on the terrace. "How lovely!" ejaculated Lilian; but the next moment a tear rose to her soft blue eye. How her eye was seen to be blue by the light of the shimmering moon that rose high we are not told. On the next page we read that Lilian herself "did not note the look of perplexity in her sister's dark eyes." How she could note it by the light of a December high-rising moon is also left unexplained. The next moment an arch smile dimples her cheek, and Irene's lover, Captain Harry Clayton, the owner of a pair of fearless dark eyes, emerges round the corner. Lilian, who has also her lover, a Dr. Lacuver, a gentleman of luminous grey eyes, vanished unseen. To vanish seen would have been a difficulty. By the lovers' talk, we learn that the Captain is on the point of starting for India. He says to Irene:—"You love me; that thought will cheer my heart in tent and battlefield." An expression of sadness steals over her face, and she owns that "there is some secret, a sort of mysterious, unspeakable something which gnaws like a worm at my mother's heart." This secret is not only a worm, but it is also an overhanging cloud and an omen. Before long the wind gives "one prolonged wail, which sounded strangely weird and unearthly." The heroine began to shiver, but it was not such a shivering as would have been cured by a good warm cloak, a warming-pan, or a glass of something hot. Before long we learn that there was a legend in the family, and a ghost too. The old Squire, the father of the young ladies, "in a voice of awe-stricken terror," repeated the following doggerel:—

Cowled monk and hooded friar  
Shall wail the coming Elvaston's bier;  
But woe to the one of that ancient line  
Who hears the dirge past midnight chime!

The vileness of the rhymes ought surely to have acted as an antidote to the terror and the awe.

The next scene opens in the old hall of the mansion, where, at a ball that was given in honour of Christmas, we come across very different pairs of eyes from those that we have as yet seen. Lilian's violet eyes were deeply, darkly, wondrously blue, beneath a silken sheen of hair. But her cousin Julia's were cold blue, bright as polished steel; while Julia's uncle, Mr. Clayton, the Captain's father, had a greenish-grey eye that glittered ominously. His countenance was Machiavellian, and the expression of his features was at times almost demoniacal. The very night of the ball the Captain had to start for India. He took leave of Irene, but forgot his father. The father behaved in a manner most unsuitable in one who was a guest in an Elizabethan mansion. He went to the hall-door, extended his bony hand, and said:—"You are not his wife yet, Irene Elvaston, and by this right hand I swear you never shall be." After the guests had left, Squire Elvaston sat in the hall surrounded by the pictures of his forefathers. All at once he became aware that a mailed warrior's eyes peered down at him with a stern scrutinizing gaze. We have by this time had so much of eyes that our author evidently thinks that a synonym will be an agreeable change. Accordingly we find that "the visual organs" of all the other pictures stared ominously also. The next moment a strange dirge-like wail smote on his ears. The mailed warrior's profile presently began to glower angrily. How, if his face was in pro-

\* *George Elvaston. A Novel.* By Mrs. Lodge. Author of "*Lady Ottoline*" &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1883.



file, his eyes had been able to peer is not explained. It is said that, when Mr. Valentine Prinsep was painting his great picture of an Indian Durbar, some of the rajahs whose side-faces were given angrily asserted that they had as many eyes as their neighbours, and demanded that, somehow or other, both should be shown. Perhaps the mailed warrior in his profile had claimed the same right. Be that as it may, the Squire is awe-stricken. "There's woe enough on my head already," he said to himself. He went on to refer to the secret which was like a worm, a cloud, and an omen. It must be told, he said, to his future son-in-law, the Captain. "Harry," he adds, "is rather a nice sort of fellow." Surely here the descent is too rapid from dirge-like wails, a mailed warrior, visual organs, peerings, starings, glowerings, a voice of awe-stricken terror and woe, to come in a dozen lines or so to a nice sort of fellow. However, the story soon regains its composure; and the chapter winds up with the King of Terrors levelling his dart at the owner of Elvaston Abbey.

That night the Hall catches fire, the Squire rushes in to save his deed-box, the roof falls in upon him, Lillian raises a heartbroken wail and falls back lifeless into the arms of the owner of the luminously grey eyes. So far the story is clear enough. The mystery, when it is revealed, causes no difficulty. Mr. Elvaston had, when living abroad, married his deceased wife's sister. Lillian was the daughter of his first wife; while by his second he had Irene and George. On his death his will could not be found, so that his two younger children, being in the eyes of the English law illegitimate, did not inherit his property. Why Lillian was excluded we do not clearly make out. The story gets hopelessly involved in law—lady's law—lawsuits, and ghosts. Mr. Clayton, of the greenish-grey eyes, was a banker and an attorney, as his father had been before him. We do not remember to have seen even in a novel these two businesses before united. When we add that the building in which this banking lawyer, or legal banker, carried on his business was haunted by a dreadful spectre, we have exhibited a most unusual combination indeed. The full title for the firm would have been Clayton, Son, & Company, Attorneys, Bankers, and Ghosts. The leading spectre was old Mr. Clayton, who, while he was as yet only an attorney and banker, had had the care of a mysterious will. This will, after his death, his son tried to burn. But the ghost, who had still the feelings of a highly-respectable attorney, had interfered, and had handed over the document to the care of a faithful servant. That we fail to follow the author in her law will be excused when our readers have seen her account of legal proceedings. It is thus that a Chancery suit is described:—

Counsel had argued the cause before the Master in Chancery, who pointed out that, unless the husband of the heiress had reduced his wife's property into possession, he could not make good his claim to the estate. Whereupon counsel reserved the right of appeal to the House of Lords.

This, George Elvaston had foreseen, would most likely be the rock on which the cause would split and founder. The legal fraternity might prolong the suit indefinitely; but George had no longer any hope of ultimate success.

But we are anticipating matters. We must return to the sisters. Lillian remained in the most delicate state of health. At last it is settled that, ill though she is, she should marry her faithful lover. On her wedding-day she gazed heavenward with an upturned look. Let the reader notice that she did not look down in gazing towards heaven. She wore a bridal-robe of the purest white with some orange flowers, was duly married, the next moment died, and, in spite of the opposition of lawyer Clayton, "who set the whole force of Chancery process" against her husband, was successfully buried by him in a new marble mausoleum. Meanwhile, the unfortunate Irene had not fared much better than her sister. The attorney, with the help of his wicked niece Julia, had by means of forged letters broken off the engagement between her and her lover the Captain. No wonder that "the cruciation" of her soul was so great that, when the maid brought her a cup of tea in bed, she exclaimed pettishly, "Oh, take it away, Wilson." However, when the faithful Wilson said, "Do please take a cup; you are looking ill, and no mistake," such was the affability of her nature that she replied, "Well, I will just take the tea to please you." She cries out, "I am so weary." Like John Gilpin, says the reader, "So am I." Before long she is reduced to poverty, and becomes a governess. Happily for her, "children, as a rule, worship the beautiful and reverence the good." As she was both one and the other she was revered and worshipped. She is not without lovers. A wicked millionaire offers her his hand, but he is scornfully rejected, and before long is murdered. The "crown's quest law" to which we are hereupon treated would have puzzled even the First Gravedigger in *Hamlet*. More advantageous offers are made her. The only son of her rich employer discovers that she is a vision of loveliness and a peerless queen of beauty and song. But his suit is also in vain. However, at last she is induced to marry a man, wealthy, indeed, like the rest, but quite unworthy of her. When she had first met him, she had greeted him with a respectful bend of her graceful head; but, governess or not, he would fall in love with her. He soon became jealous, his teeth were at times clenched, his brow corrugated, while his eyes blazed like twin meteors in a storm-laden sky. She suffered from nervous debility, and from a certain idiosyncrasy that had the remarkable quality of being peculiar. She now takes to sinking on the ground unconscious and to attacks of fever. He attempts to shoot her, and, failing in that, disappears with their child, leaving her

destitute. Things go from bad to worse for many a year, till at last, when she is on the point of dying of hunger, they begin to mend. The clock strikes twelve, and the ghost appears with the missing parchment will. The wicked people get rapidly killed off. A second dirge-like wail is heard on the very same spot where the former one had sounded. Irene gazes forth on the seas, observes a ship in distress, and "appears by intuition to know" that on it was her child. Why intuition did not tell her that her husband was there also we are not informed. The ship was driven on the rocks; but a well-aimed rocket reached the deck. Out of novels the coastguardman does not aim at the deck; but in them he knows, no doubt by intuition, that no harm will be done. The child is saved, and so is the husband. He was much injured; but our author has not punished him enough. He recovers only to be killed off by the news that his bank has failed, and his great wealth is all lost. Then the virtuous Captain, who had remained a bachelor all this time, is rewarded by at last winning the hand of the fair Irene. The ghosts are all satisfied, and dirge-like wails are no longer heard.

#### THE ANTIQUARY.\*

WE are not sure how far the range of the archæologist has been defined, but though nothing is older than the hills, with the hills he has nothing to do except as they may accidentally illustrate some fact of man's agency. It is the human aspect of old things only that he considers, and even that within limits. If some cave in a hillside should reveal the skeleton of a rude Gaul or Briton in company with the fossil remains of the bear and lion who once growled and fought in the vicinity, we are not sure that the archæologist would not leave the "find" to the anthropologist or to the palæontographer—that is, if these osseous relics be unaccompanied with weapons of the chase or other rude specimens of primeval workmanship. But if the like skeleton of earlier man were discovered in a barrow or cromlech, with or without the flint hatchets, coarse pottery, and amber beads, the archæologist would seize it as his possession. Even if the like bones should occur in the hillside cave in connexion with hand-made relics of similar antiquity, they belong to the archæologist, or at least he shares in the interest of the remains with the anthropologist, while the hill itself he leaves to the geologist. It is therefore man and his accidents, as connected with the antecedents and history of civilization, that are the objects of his investigations. A glorious landscape belongs to him only as it enshrines some Roman villa or medieval castle or abbey, and though in going from one object to another he may pass through many miles of fair country, he calls not the "delightful scenery all his own" until he has reached his proper cynosure. "His are the mountains, and the valleys his, and the resplendent rivers," to continue the words of Cowper, when the mountains are such as Athos, with its old monasteries and old manuscripts, and the valleys are like those of the Rhine and the Wye, with their ecclesiastical and baronial ruins to add historic associations to nature's work. But to the Californian Alps, with their glacial recesses and eternal shadows, the Mississippi, with its five hundred miles of (modern) "levees," and the Yosemite, with its flashing waterfalls and steaming fountains, he prefers no present claim, though the course of centuries, with their added human influences, may commend even these places to his attention.

In turning over the present volumes, therefore, we are not surprised at the apparent absence of sympathy with purely natural scenes, and at the little trouble the antiquary gives himself about the destruction of the most "precious" piece of landscape. The sloping woods bordering the Avon on the Somerset side of Clifton are now being turned into a succession of ugly gaping quarries, to the utter devastation of the scenic attraction of that place, and yet hardly a voice has been raised in remonstrance; but when one of the Romano-British camps which crown the eminences of the same woods was of late wilfully demolished, there was loud outcry, and not unreasonably. "Old things are passed away, all things are become new," is a text, indeed, that, however consolatory with respect to "the spiritual city with all its spires," means literal undoing to the mundane lover of things of old, and accordingly more than one contributor to *The Antiquary* raises his voice against the spirit of havoc towards old remains that seems everywhere to prevail in these days of improvement. "The Plymouth of the Armada days, the Plymouth of Drake and the 'sea-dogs' of Devon, and even of the Pilgrim Fathers, has passed away more utterly and irrecoverably than Nineveh or Memphis." This may be said with more or less abatement of many other places, and among them of Bath, in which, except the early sixteenth-century abbey, there are hardly any remains between the departure of the Romans and the era of Wood the architect, who built its fine rows and crescents. But something may be said against the antiquary himself in the way of spoliation, if not of the cities of the living, of the abodes of the time-honoured dead. In his greed and grasp of olden relics he has hardly left, or hardly will leave, an unopened tumulus. The venerable cemetery on Salisbury Plain, with its long barrows, ring barrows, and bell barrows, has been sacked like a town after a siege, and in musing over the memorials of chieftains here laid

\* *The Antiquary: a Magazine devoted to the Study of the Past.* Vols. VI., VII. London: Elliot Stock. 1882-3.

to rest before Cæsar's eagle had winged his way to our coast, our sentiment is spoiled by the reflection that there is nothing in their sepulchres. Their empty cairns are now of less interest than would be the fretted tombs of sovereigns and senators in St. Peter's, Westminster, if the coffins were exhumed and the contents placed in some far-away museum. We find, indeed, but few references in these volumes of *The Antiquary* to the fresh opening of barrows, but we fear this is not because they have been lately spared, but because they have been formerly unspared, and have become scarce. No malediction upon the disturbers of the peace of the primeval chieftain was inscribed over his remains, so that he has been less fortunate than the author of *Cymbeline* in escaping the Paul Prys of the grave.

*The Antiquary* continues its character of being an old curiosity shop, where antique relics of all kinds have been promiscuously brought together; and we are allowed our choice between Greek and Roman coinage, chain mail, monumental brasses, twisted iron-work, parish registers, queer ballads, and gold and silver plate—all of which things are here respectively dealt with, though not to the exclusion of other and possibly more important objects and subjects. As no one ever thinks of buying the whole stock of a curiosity dealer, so no one ever thinks of reading through "a magazine devoted to the study of the past." We must therefore glance at one paper, pass over another, and select a third for a little consideration.

The series of articles on the Anglican Calendar has been extended to twelve, and is now concluded. As each month is full of commemorative days, the selection of particular ones for notice is of course arbitrary, though it may be allowed that the more notable celebrations have been those descended upon St. Swithin's day is made representative of July; and, if any sound Protestant has yet a lingering fancy that St. Swithin rules the midsummer weather as Britannia rules the waves, Mr. H. B. Wheatley has arguments to convince him that the saint is the result of the season rather than the season of the saint; or, in other words, he agrees with the Rev. John Earle "that the belief in a forty days' rain must date back to a period long anterior to the age of St. Swithin." As his influences are generally for copious rain at the time when least wanted, it is not surprising that Swithin is no popular saint; and that there are so few churches to his honour, his one great church having been rather impudently deprived of his name. With regard to his traditional interference with meteorology, Mr. Wheatley mentions that an inquiring person took upon himself to examine the table of rainfall at Greenwich for twenty consecutive years, when he found that during that period there were six wet St. Swithin's days and fourteen dry ones; also that the average of rainy days was greater after the dry than after the wet fifteenths of July. Very likely, but an examination of other twenty successive years might have given a very different result. After all, it is easy to agree with Mr. Wheatley that "the so-called superstition of our ancestors was founded upon broad and sound generalization."

Even if St. Swithin's day is not the proved key to the summer weather, Mr. G. L. Gomme is satisfied that in the customs of Lammastide (1st of August) "we have the key to the whole system of ancient agriculture." The one great custom, he remarks, that links it with a very remote past is the removal of fences from lands that were held in common by the village community, but which had to some extent been enclosed for individual proprietorship since the preceding Lammastide—a custom that prevailed with much curious variation on the Southdowns in Sussex, besides other places, till within the last fifty years, even if it be not yet extinct. His paper must be read as a whole in order to understand the force of his argument; the custom at any rate seems to have but weak connexion with the reputed meaning of the word, which, like the other great mass days, involves a church offering, whether of a lamb, as sometimes explained, or of a loaf (*hlaf*).

Mr. Edward Peacock has a congenial subject in Michaelmas. Multitudes of angels, according to Jewish tradition, are created daily, but no archangels. These are limited to the original four who first spread their mighty wings at the birth of all things. The respect in which St. Michael is held, beginning with Satan himself, extending to Mahommed, coming down to John Bunyan, and continuing to now, is owing to his character as protector of the people of God. The Devil could not bring against him a railing accusation when the two disputed for the body of Moses; the enemy of Michael is the enemy of God, according to the Prophet of Islam; and it is curious that so unsparing a bruiser of saint-worship and Popery as the man of Elstow should make his hero in his terrible fight with Apollyon call upon the prince of the archangels for aid; at least the winner in the conflict confesses to have done so with success in his after-peace:—

But Blessed Michael helped me, and I,  
By dint of sword did quickly make him fly—

that is, Apollyon.

"Curious Corporation Customs" might have been extended by consultation with the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* of London, *The Custom of Sandwich*, and *The Maire of Bristowe is Kalendar* by Robert Ricart Town Clerk of Bristol 18 Edward IV., the first and last being in the Camden Society series. The customs most apt to give rise to jealousy and opposition outside the civic authority referred generally to the right of wearing the cap or bearing the sword. The sword, as the symbol of authority, with force to maintain it, is a reminiscence, argues Mr. Gomme, of ancient tribal custom, and we must retire backward to the typical ceremony

of the election of the tribal chiefs of primitive communities to find its origin and explanation in municipal survival. Prescriptive privilege was not always understood in aftertime. Consequently on one occasion (1582) when the Lord Mayor with his escort was, according to usage, proceeding to take his oath outside the Tower Gate, he was met by two of the Tower warders, "who commanded Her Majesty's sword to be holden down, and pressed violently to take it down, but through the good discretion of the Recorder they were peaceably holden off." And later on, in 1633, when, according to the unchartered liberty derived from immemorial usage, the Lord Mayor was going up to the chancel of St. Paul's with the sword uplifted before him, a like dispute arose. But, however unbroken may be the chain connecting the tribal origin with the municipal custom of sword-bearing, it can be found that the analogous right of having the head covered in the presence of the sovereign may have come from special grant. The Mayor of Exeter, for instance, for the loyalty and bravery of the city in defending its walls against Perkin Warbeck, was allowed by Henry VII. a cap of liberty to be worn by the sword-bearer, when going before the mayor, on all public occasions, even in the presence of the king and of Deity himself. Accordingly, the sword-bearer does not (or did not) take off his cap in the cathedral until he has laid down his sword before the mayor, close to the throne of the bishop. In "Some Words on the Mace," by Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, we have an account of another Corporation weapon; for until the beginning of the sixteenth century the mace was a battle club, though, like that instrument of war among savages, it was the subject of ornamental device, finally becoming merely decorative and emblematic.

The barber's pole and basin are now seen comparatively seldom; but at one time no greater disgrace could happen to a member of the Barbers' Guild than that the badge of his employment should be wrested from him. According to the regulations of the "Barber Surgeons of York," whose guild-book begins in 1486, a non-proficient in his art, or an interloper who set up in business without authority, might have his basin snatched away by "the searchers," like Mambrino's helmet; and that, with other "sign which he hath towards the street to show his art," was to be carried to the chamber on Ouse Bridge, where the Lord Mayor assessed the fine the delinquent was to pay. Even before the invention of the rotary brush the barbers claimed to be men of science, "the science of Barbers and Chirurgeons" requiring not only ability in the use of the scissors and razor, but an acquaintance with anatomy. One of the Company, by the rules of A.D. 1614, was to be Master of Anatomy; and every member was required to "read a lecture, either in chirurgery or anatomy, to the whole company out of some author on chirurgery or anatomy, as shall be appointed by the Master of Anatomy and by one of the searchers," &c.

Had we space to speak of the literary contributions of a retrospective kind in the volumes before us we might select an excellent paper by Mr. H. B. Wheatley on "The Story of Romeo and Juliet," in which the sources of that drama are made clear to the reader by means of parallel passages taken chiefly from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1567) and Arthur Brooke's poem on the "Tragicall Historie." An article by Rev. M. G. Watkins on Richard de Bury's *Philobiblon* is a good exposition of that singular book, which, notwithstanding its turgid style and many puerilities, is penetrated with enthusiasm for its subject, and is singularly expressive of the feelings of De Bury's many followers.

Our space is gone before we have touched upon one-half the papers we had noted. But it is hardly needful to proceed. *The Antiquary* is a cheap and worthy publication, and those who are fond of the society of their forefathers and of the study of the works they did in their day may spend some profitable hours in turning over its handsomely printed pages.

#### OLD-WORLD IDYLLS.\*

HOW difficult it usually is to read, and how impossible to re-read, the works of any contemporary poet who does not attain unto the first five! Mr. Austin Dobson is not of this "small transfigured band"; the modesty of his aim, the limits which he wisely imposes on himself, prevent him from being classed with Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Arnold, Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, and the idle singer of an empty day. Yet Mr. Dobson's charming poems positively gain by being read once more. Their exquisite and almost faultless workmanship delights us afresh; their original, unborrowed sentiment; their pathos, that commonly is not pressed too hard; their wistful appreciation of what is beautiful in the life of the past; their humour, their gaiety—all these appeal to us anew. Mr. Dobson's little book, *Old-World Idylls*, is in great part a selection from his earlier volumes now out of print. The author has added some agreeable pieces, and recaptured lines which had long been "fugitive" in magazines. The volume is based on a selection published in America, where Mr. Dobson's pieces go, as they say, "the round of the papers," and where he has more honour, perhaps, than in his own country. Before passing to weightier matters, let us say that *Old-World Idylls* is the prettiest and daintiest volume, to our mind, of the year. The size is elzevir octavo, the paper and type all that can be desired, and the cloth cover does not "gape as fishes newly dead," like the covers of the otherwise graceful

\* *Old-World Idylls*. By Austin Dobson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.



"Parchment Series." For the curious bibliophile a few copies have been printed on large paper, with a neat woodcut by Mr. Abbey. But we think the bibliophile will be more curious than wise if he does not prefer the edition which he can easily put in his pocket.

Mr. Dobson's vein is that of a writer of what are called *vers de société*—though the term here only applies to a light and not too earnest or thoughtful species of composition. In this field Mr. Dobson has only one contemporary rival. Without making odious comparisons, we may let Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson sing alternately for the prize of modern social eclogue.

*νίκη μὲν οὐδ' ἄλλος, ἀνίσταται δ' ἐγίνοντο.*

But Mr. Dobson's harp has many more strings to it—the old French string, and the mediæval string, and the eighteenth-century string, as well as those which thrill to modern themes.

Perhaps the eighteenth century is that in which Mr. Dobson is most at home. He knows by heart the time of Fielding and Hogarth; its leisure, its pretty moods of artificiality, all things but its frank coarseness are reproduced by its modern admirer. Mr. Dobson gives us Sophia, perhaps a little more sentimental than she was; but he barely sketches Tom Jones; and Miss Seagrim is not even distantly alluded to. In the very poem which opens *Old-World Idylls*, "A Dead Letter," we have a pretty love epistle of a maiden of Miss Western's time, drawn from its "china tomb" in an old vase:—

My Dear, I don't think that I thought of much  
Before we knew each other, I and you;  
And now, why, John, your least, least Finger-touch,  
Gives me enough to think a Summer through.  
See, for I send you Something. There, 'tis gone!  
Look in this corner,—mind you find it, John!

This is an excellent example of Mr. Dobson's sentiment. The old letter, keeping its green of undying kindness and love, is read by the poet in an ancient garden, where "mallet, hoop, and ball" are lying—mallet, hoop, and ball, which are relics of ancient history themselves now, and as out of date as powder and patches. The reader of the letter makes himself a picture of its writer when she, too, *avoit son tens trepassé*, when her youth was long passed over:—

And still the sweet, half-solemn look  
Where some past thought was clinging,  
As when one shuts a serious book  
To hear the thrushes singing.  
I kneel to you! Of those you were,  
Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,—  
Whose fair old faces grow more fair  
As Point and Flanders yellow;  
Whom some old store of garnered grief,  
Their placid temples shading,  
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf  
With tender tints of fading.  
Peace to your soul! You died unwept—  
Despite this loving letter.  
And what of John? The less that's said  
Of John, I think, the better.

Other poems of the eighteenth century are "A Gentleman of the Old School"—suggested, perhaps, by George Eliot's praise of leisure—the companion piece, "A Gentlewoman," and the "Ballad of Beau Brocade," which is less interesting, but a wonderfully clever piece of poetical archæology. Beau Brocade frequented Bagshot Heath when

People of rank to correct their tone  
Went out of town to Marybone.

In his reproductions of the French life of his favourite century Mr. Dobson proves himself *le Parry des familles*, possessing a harmless grace and liveliness within the most decorous limits. Perhaps "Une Marquise" is a trifle too long, but the most cruel critic could find little fault with the blameless "Story of Rosina," a story of a casual love of Boucher the painter—"Rose-water Raphael, *en couleur de rose*." Perhaps the allusion to the guillotine at the end rather forces the note. The French Revolution, after all, was not the consequence of noble ladies coming between pretty little girls and their landscape-painters.

"Proverbs in Porcelain" (by Proverbs we are to understand *Proverbes*) charm us less than most of Mr. Dobson's work. They are little dialogues in rhyme, so delicate, airy, and finished as none but himself could have constructed. We read and admire, and even wonder at the exquisiteness of the art, and yet the "Proverbs" are, necessarily perhaps, rather attenuated in their gracefulness. The best, we think, and the most substantial of these pretty trifles is "Good-night, Babette."

"Vignettes in Rhyme" are excellent and extremely varied. The picture in verse of the Doctor's room where his patients weary and wait, with the *Lancet* and Jones on "Muscular Decay," for companions, cannot well be surpassed in verse or prose. Then the childish idyl, watched by a sentimental patient through the Doctor's grimy window panes, makes a capital relief. The "Autumn Idyll" is a wonderfully melodious and modern imitation of Theocritus. The "Garden Idyll" ends with a slight approach to the facetiousness of Bon Gaultier, a style which is not Mr. Dobson's. Happily but one or two examples, "The Love Letter" namely, "The Misogynist," and "To Lydia Languish," occur in this selection, and we could wish them omitted. "A Virtuoso," though in a vein so remote from Mr. Dobson's usual mood as satire, is excellent. One might almost attribute it to the author of "My Last Duchess," if Mr. Browning practised this delicate

brilliance of touch. Mr. Dobson's translations of Horace (into old French forms, *villanelle*, *rondellu*, and *ballade*) are more excellent because they contain more of Horace than the modern imitations. Did space permit we would willingly quote the whole of "In Cupid's Alley" for the sake of its quaintness and tripping lyrical measure. Two stanzas must serve as a specimen:—

And sometimes one to one will dance,  
And think of one behind her;  
And one by one will stand, perchance,  
Yet look all ways to find her;  
Some seek a partner with a sigh,  
Some win him with a sally;  
And some, they know not how nor why,  
Strange fate!—of "Cupid's Alley."  
And some will dance an age or so  
Who came for half a minute;  
And some, who like the game, will go  
Before they well begin it;  
And some will vow they're "danced to death,"  
Who (somehow) always rally;  
Strange cures are wrought (mine author saith),  
Strange cures!—in "Cupid's Alley."

A group of three pieces—"The Child Musician," "The Cradle," and "Before Sedan"—are examples of serious pathos; and are perhaps the most popular of Mr. Dobson's verses. They are certainly very touching; but, for our own part, we prefer the delightful pensive melody of "A Song of Four Seasons" to anything even in this pleasant volume. "The Death of Procris," and "The Prayer of the Swine to Circe" are classical pieces in the Spenserian metre, to our mind not quite successful. They show little imagination, little power of re-creating a familiar situation and making it new. "The fair disastrous daughter of the sun" is, however, an admirable line, and in itself a study of Circe. Homer, very properly, does not attempt to tell us how the companions of Odysseus felt when they were swine, and Mr. Dobson cannot expect to know more about the matter than Homer. "The Sick Man and the Birds" more than atones for the chance failure of the classical piece, and we confess that we have a great liking for studies somewhat influenced, we think, by the manner of Mr. Rossetti and the earlier manner of Mr. Morris. The verses to which we refer are "A Song of Angiola in Heaven" and "The Dying of Tanneguy du Bois." "Ara Victrix" is the best paraphrase (translation being impossible) of Théophile Gautier's poem that we are ever likely to see in English.

Mr. Dobson's volume ends with a few of his essays in the "Old French Forms," which he manages incomparably better than any one else in England or America. As an example of Mr. Dobson's wonderful tact in adapting these forms to the translation of Horace, we quote his "Leuconoe":—

"TU NE QUÆSIERIS."

(VILLANELLE.)

Seek not, O Maid, to know  
(Alas! unblest the trying!)  
When thou and I must go.  
No lore of stars can show.  
What shall be, vainly prying,  
Seek not, O Maid, to know.  
Will Jove long years bestow?  
Or is't with this one dying,  
That thou and I must go;  
Now,—when the great winds blow,  
And waves the reef are plying? ..  
Seek not, O Maid, to know.  
Rather let clear wine flow,  
On no vain hope relying;  
When thou and I must go  
Lies dark;—then be it so.  
Now,—now, churl Time is flying;  
Seek not, O Maid, to know  
When thou and I must go.

His "Prodigals," though irregular, is the first untranslated modern English ballade we remember having seen. But why does Mr. Dobson, of all people, permit "irregularity" in so many of his refrains, as in the refrain of the ringing and spirited "Ballade of the Armada," in the "Ballade of Imitation," and in one or two villanelles? The "Chant Royal," excellent as it is, would be better if the vowel sounds in the rhymes were more varied; "bide" and "might" are too assonant, for example, to come so near each other. However, this is seeking knots in a reed. Mr. Dobson announces as "in preparation" a new volume, "At the Sign of the Lyre." The sooner the constellation of the lyre swims into our ken, the better we shall be pleased. It will be odd, indeed, if Mr. Dobson's verses in their pleasant new casket do not win him many readers who can value the rare qualities of gaiety, humour, pathos, and skill, in which he is unsurpassed, and all but unrivalled—the harmless Prior of the generation.

#### BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.\*

THE very important volume of the *English Citizen* series which deals with Colonies and Dependencies has been entrusted to most capable hands, as, it is fair to say, have most of the volumes,

\* *The English Citizen—Colonies and Dependencies.* By J. S. Cotton and E. J. Payne. London: Macmillan & Co.  
*Bonds of Disunion.* By C. J. Rowe. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

though by no means all. With a single exception, to be mentioned presently, Messrs. Cotton and Payne (the former of whom takes India to himself, while the latter deals with the Colonies proper) have observed with great accuracy the two main conditions on which the value of such books depends. The first of these is the furnishing of the largest possible amount of positive information in the clearest and most succinct fashion. The second is the rigid avoidance of merely controversial points. In regard to these Mr. Payne may be acquitted of even a shadow of transgression, the nearest approach to burning questions which he permits himself being (as far as we have noticed) the guarded statement that the election by the Colonies of members to sit in the Imperial Parliament "would probably in no way strengthen the unity of the Empire." He has, indeed, a subject which might dispense any one but a glutton of argument from digressing into it in order to find himself something to do. To give in seventy pages or so a sketch of the Colonies of England, and of their, in most cases brief, but in almost all interesting, history, to distinguish their varied and complex forms of actual government and political relation to the mother-country, is anything but an easy task. Mr. Payne has discharged it with great knowledge, industry, and ability, avoiding the superfluous, and selecting the necessary with a great deal of judgment, and furnishing his information with much precision and clearness.

The positive part of this encomium may be extended without any fear of contradiction to the first, the longest, and perhaps the most important part of the book—Mr. Cotton's chapters on India. Here the competence of the writer for dealing with his subject is already assured, for Mr. Cotton, if we mistake not, besides having held an appointment in India, was long engaged on Dr. Hunter's official Indian Gazetteer, and may therefore be presumed to have the literature and history of the subject at his fingers' ends. Indeed, any reader, even if he were ignorant of the fact, would pretty soon be aware that his author was not dealing with the matter for the first time. There is a certain ease and security of treatment which is very rarely attained even by the most conscientious and intelligent compiler who has had to get his materials together specially and for the first time. In each of the various divisions of his subject—its geography, ethnography, and history, which form one chapter; its political divisions which form another; the machinery of its administration under various aspects which is successively treated—he shows a complete mastery of his facts and a very considerable power of communicating them. In respect of this part of the book there is hardly more than one complaint to make, and that is that the new-fangled spelling of Indian names that rank in English vocabulary—a spelling which might at least be confined to documents where pedantry is licensed by officialism—makes its appearance, and that the hapless reader is confronted with a strange animal called a "Great Mughal" and other monstrosities of the kind. However, a contributor to the work above mentioned could hardly be expected to abandon a practice in which he must have been regularly trained, and though the breach in the continuity of the English language and literature is annoying enough, we could very easily forgive Mr. Cotton for it. He is less pardonable for his transgression of the second rule which has been laid down above, and in this respect his zeal has certainly led him astray. The writer of a brief handbook to India is perfectly entitled to cherish a dream of restoring India to the Indians, even though he himself, with a creditable adherence to historic truth, has pointed out that "India" is a geographical expression, and that "the Indians" exist as a people nowhere and nowhere. He may be enthusiastic, if he likes, for Lord Ripon's policy, may consider that amelioration of the condition of the people is the sole justification for our rule and presence in India, and may in other ways ignore his own statement, made once more with that historical good faith which redeems a good deal of political heresy, that "the Empire of India was won by the sword, and rests on the sword." But what we contend is that, whether he is of this opinion or of the opposite, he is not entitled to put either or to argue for either in such a book as this. He may mention the opposing theories of the subject as part of its literature and details, but he should maintain within the covers of his handbook a rigid impartiality. This it cannot be said that Mr. Cotton does. To the initiated it is clear from the first, and at the last it must be clear even to the novice, that he writes as a partisan of a certain political theory. Those who hold the theory diametrically opposite to his are not at all anxious to hinder the publication of arguments and maxims which, without bumptiousness, they feel that they have quite fire enough within them to burn up. But such arguments and maxims should be published in proper places, and a series of this kind is, we contend, not the proper place. We should equally object to a diatribe against the Ilbert Bill and to a panegyric on the methods of government of Lord Dalhousie. These books are simply books of reference; and though, no doubt, there is much difference in degree, we can discern but little difference of kind between the intermixture of partisan polemics with them and the affixing by the useful servants of the public who compile "Dod" and similar books of laudatory or objuratory comment on the political views of the personages they mention.

When, however, we turn to the second book on our list, a certain *aidōs* seizes us for having found fault with Mr. Cotton. His political views are, we think, mistaken, and they are, we are sure, in this particular instance matter in the wrong place. But Mr. Cotton puts them like a reasonable being, and in a manner which

shows that he comprehends the possibility of reasonable beings differing with him. In his queerly-named *Bonds of Disunion* Mr. C. J. Rowe certainly disentitles himself to any such praise as this. It is not very long since we reviewed a little book of Mr. Rowe's on Victorian politics, in which process we had the pleasure of showing, from Mr. Rowe's own facts, figures, and arguments, how great and serious and irremovable the drawbacks of democracy are. In that book, however, though he did not hide his own Radical and democratic politics, Mr. Rowe, a few slips and flings excepted, wrote moderately enough. In *Bonds of Disunion* he writes in a fashion which we fear will cause his enemies, if he has any, not a little amusement. "Bonds of Disunion" are, according to Mr. Rowe, the various measures taken in times past by English statesmen and Governments to connect the colonies tightly with the home-country—measures which he holds to have had an exactly contrary effect. This is an arguable theory enough, and persons of a very different way of thinking from Mr. Rowe's may admit that a loose rein and an easy bit are far better than a tight bridle and a jaw-breaking curb for managing the fidgetty steeds called colonies. But the establishment of this intelligible doctrine is by no means Mr. Rowe's object. His own choice language must be borrowed in order to show what that object is. Put generally, Mr. Rowe's theory is that a fiendish oligarchy deliberately tried to ruin or superciliously conspired to neglect the Colonies. In order to establish this position, he gives a considerable sketch of home politics, one not inconsiderable of Canada, and an almost complete history of the Australian settlements. The way in which this is done can only be indicated by quotations—paraphrase would be incredible, unless it were quite inadequate. According to Mr. Rowe, the Government of England before the first Reform Bill was "oligarchical despotism gaudily decked out with a similitude of free institutions." At a later time "the course of landowning monopoly was at one stroke transplanted to the soil of the antipodes." Members of both Houses at the beginning of the century were "unprincipled lawmakers," "wealthy monopolists," "ever ready to live on the people, to sponge on the people, and to persecute the people," "fraudulently filching from them their wages," &c. "The rule of a landowning oligarchy had promoted the growth of crime." To make a prominent colonist a baronet is an outrage which suggests to Mr. Rowe the reflection that "eldest sons, aristocratic customs, and class hatreds are the injuries which England still has in her power to inflict on the colonies." Finally, the defence of colonial unmannerliness is so irresistibly comic, that, long as it is, it must be quoted:—

Of courtesy, the courtesy that obscures the plain meaning of ordinary language, the veneer that conceals the hidden thought and gives colour to a false sentiment, there is in European States enough and to spare, and in the Australasian colonies a very meagre supply. But these æsthetic refinements are scarcely proof of excellence in political arrangements, or even of the absence of corruption. They are rather indicative of the absorption of power by a leisure class, versed exclusively in the amenities of discourse, than significant of the healthy participation of the lower orders in the government of the country, through the medium of popular, energetic, and earnest representatives.

It was during the period when parliamentary eloquence in England was most plentifully besprinkled with classical tropes and similes, when polish of language and style were the convenient substitutes for profundity of thought or depth of sympathy with popular needs, that corruption and jobbery ran their greatest riot. Language, not legislation, assertion of privilege, not performance of a delegated duty, were the chief requisites for parliamentary success; and corruption in all things, not correction of abuses, was the invariable object to which the struggles of everyday political life were directed. How could it be otherwise when all power and all influence were monopolised by a small but rapacious clique?

The more limited the basis of representation, the less limited is the monarchy of a ruling class composed of men of wealth and leisure, whose guiding principle is the preservation of their own narrow monopoly of the right to misrule. The more pronounced their general tone of courtesy, the less likely is it that they concern themselves with discussing questions of popular reform; for as soon as they do this, violent language is sure to take the place of studied courtliness of expression.

The severest possible exposure of language of this sort is simply to quote it. No man who writes in such a temper can possibly be expected to handle the difficult and complicated questions of politics here approached with the slightest prospect of success. It is therefore unnecessary to examine Mr. Rowe's specific charges against the colonial government of the last century, further than to say that his account, not destitute of knowledge or of occasional glimpses of ability, is so warped by prejudice and flawed by paralogism as to be practically valueless. He himself says somewhere, in the most favourable sentence he accords to the hapless English governing classes, that "their failings were more due to an entire absence of sympathy with national requirements than to deficiency in reasoning powers." Hard as it may be to conceive it, we are disposed to think that Mr. Rowe's failings are more due to a furious prejudice which amounts almost to political madness than to initial deficiency in reasoning powers. He could in his former book argue logically and well about such a point as Free-trade or as Chinese immigration. But here his desire to heap up an overwhelming indictment against our "unprincipled law-makers" blinds him to the commission of the most enormous inconsistencies. In one place he accuses the Home Government of encouraging "aristocratic emigration" to Australia; yet he is not in one place but *passim* reviling it at the same time for sending out only convicts and the lowest of the people. He is almost beside himself with rage at the policy of transportation, yet he sees in the societies which were the product of that policy—not merely now, but thirty years ago—models of political and social progress. Political and social mistakes which were at the



time peculiar neither to aristocracies nor to England, which any fair-minded historian can see to have been honest errors honestly unlearned by experience, are charged as deliberate crimes on the head of the luckless land-owning monopolists. In short, there is simply a total absence of political sanity in the book; and, convenient as is the handle which it gives, partisan feelings must give way in any reader of ordinary generosity to pity at the spectacle of a man possessing earnestness, information, and even ability above the average, but utterly deprived of the use of his intellectual senses by an animosity as unreasoning as that of the bull to the red rag.

## ONCE MORE.\*

THE author of *Once More* has made an almost fatal mistake in the arrangement of her collection of stories. She has placed the only two bad stories first in order, so that it is impossible not to approach the better part of the book thoroughly prejudiced against her. The two stories "Wild Jack" and "Poll Miles" are indeed so foolish and jejune in style and matter that it is almost incredible but that the ordinary reader, after having waded through them, would throw down the book in despair. Only one wrecked, or in small country taverns, would conceivably be likely to proceed. Reviewers are of course known to be the most conscientious of mortal men. They never criticize a work without having read every syllable it contains. The unfortunate arrangement we have pointed out will not therefore prejudice Lady Margaret Majendie's critics; for they, possessed by that higher sense of duty which always inspires them, will sternly proceed to the dreaded task of reading the rest of the book. Their virtue will be rewarded. Instead of the emptiness and dullness they feared, they will find that after the two "Stories of the Past" come a pleasant series of "Stories of the Present." These no one need regret reading; they are bright and well written, the conversations are lively, and the plots are neatly and amusingly constructed. To return, however, to one of the "Stories of the Past." The following is a not unfavourable example of the style in which the story of Wild Jack—the most gentlemanlike of all the gentlemen of the road, a person in whose composition all that was not Turpin was Grandison—is narrated. John Johnstone, it may be premised, is one of Wild Jack the highwayman's many aliases:—

The scene was worthy of Watteau's brush—the sun just sinking behind the orchard trees, gilding the edge of each leaf, shone on the dark red of John Johnstone's dress, warmed the sombre hue of fair Betty's Lincoln green, and played on the blue and primrose of Mistress Mary's flower-like costume. [If we remember rightly, Mr. Pater once called some one a "flower-like young man." Yet the epithet seems always a little enigmatical.] It was a fair picture, and no eye could rest on a goodlier couple than the tall lithe young man, and the noble maiden.

Mistress Mary to her maid described the new comer thus:—"He is tall, Deborah, very tall; slight, but with shoulders of great breadth, and a square neck—one would say that his strength was herculean. His eyes are dark blue, his nose a trifle arched, brows thick and square, a sweet mouth—a very sweet mouth—but wondrous stern all the same. But his manners, Deborah, and his curling dark hair, just slightly dashed with powder—his manners are perfect! his hair is divine! Heigh-ho, Deborah!"

Lady Margaret Majendie does not date her story, so we cannot discover whether she is right in saying, "slightly dashed with powder." Count Kaunitz, when Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, between the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle and the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, is always allowed to have been the sole inventor of this fashion. His method was to have a powder-box violently shaken in the powdering-room, so that the air was quite dusty. He then inserted his head into the room, for a few seconds exposing it to the fine shower of powder. We wonder if Mr. John Johnstone pursued this plan.

"Uncle George's Will" is a very well-told story, and might easily be made into a play suitable for amateur acting. The spirited dialogue would hardly require alteration; while the double mistaken identity would be amusing if well played. If successfully arranged, it need not fear comparison with its famous predecessor of like title. Mollie is the heroine. Her uncle George leaves her two hundred thousand pounds on condition that she marries her cousin Stephen, an officer in India whom she has never seen. If she does not marry him, the money is to go to a hospital. Of course Miss Mollie positively refuses, and of course her family as positively insist that she shall accept the conditions of the will. A managing aunt invites the heroine to stay with her, and she undertakes to bring the cousins together and make the match. The Indian officer-cousin does not arrive in England for a fortnight; so Mollie agrees to go to her aunt for that time, firmly declaring that she will leave the day before the obnoxious suitor arrives. She arrives at the aunt's, and, being tired, is sent upstairs to rest. Now the plot thickens; for, owing to a mistake, the cousin Stephen comes unexpectedly. It is needless to say that the young officer's first words are that he has not the slightest intention of marrying his cousin and taking the money. Whatever the young lady's feelings may be, he is not going to marry for money. He finally says that he will not even see her, and shall certainly start before the 17th—the day he thinks she is

coming. The managing aunt is in despair; a meeting of this kind, which both will think planned, will be quite fatal to all the hopes of the family. A happy accident shows a means of escape. The male cousin in talking shows that he is not very sure about his cousins' names, and thinks Amelia is the one he is wanted to marry, and that she is dark. The aunt catches at this, and presently mentions that Amelia's sister Mollie is staying in the house, and that Amelia is coming on the 17th. Fortunately the male cousin, though known to the family and called in the will Stephen, answers familiarly to the name of Charlie. There is, therefore, no difficulty in deceiving Miss Mollie likewise. Of course the two cousins thus brought together fall in love with each other. The time draws near the 17th, and either cousin prepares for flight. The hero at last reaches the proposing point; but an accident prevents the heroine accepting him on the spot. Before there can be another meeting the whole family attack Miss Mollie, and point out to her the folly of marrying a man without a penny and of throwing away 200,000*l.* Miss Mollie, after many tears, yields, says she will stay over the 17th, and will marry the horrible Stephen. She carries out this resolution by avoiding, and finally refusing, Charlie. He, becoming desperate at his disappointment, goes to his aunt, and announces that he has changed his mind, that he will stay over the 17th, and will marry Amelia. The dénouement may be imagined. The reluctant meeting of the cousins, their delight and surprise, and their forgiveness of the matchmaker, are all set out; and any one who wants a bright, pleasant story had better turn to "Uncle George's Will" in the original. We must not omit to mention the two stories of French life—"Au Pair" and "A French Speculation"—which contain many true and well-drawn pictures of provincial life in France. The author must evidently have observed at first-hand. The sketch of the speculative landlord, and his belief that a theatre is what is wanted to make his houses let, will appeal to any who know the manners of the bourgeois landlord.

"Au Pair" is the story of a girl who, brought up in wealth and luxury, is suddenly reduced to poverty by the death of her father, a well-to-do London doctor, who has not saved. At first she goes to live with her cousin and his mother, who have a farm in the country. Her cousin is, of course, in love with the penniless orphan, and of course she does not return his affection. To escape his addresses, and also from a feeling of independence, she goes out as a governess, and chooses a French family in the Pyrenees who have advertised for a governess who is to live *au pair*. The great ugly house to which she goes that opens straight off the village street is well described. She is at first very homesick; but the members of the family are all very good to her, and she soon becomes reconciled. The dénouement is not very exciting; the young governess falls in love with the youngest son of the family, and he with her. The old people cannot, of course, conceive of a marriage without a *dot*, and so withhold their consent unless a suitable one is provided. They accordingly write to the heroine's cousin, proposing that he shall portion his kinswoman. Being a youth of heroic benevolence—after ascertaining that the young lady's passion is no transient fancy, and that the young man is unobjectionable—he does actually provide a sufficient sum of money, and enables the woman he loves to marry his rival. Could anything be more inhumanly unselfish? The picture of the quiet *bourgeoise* family, with their little money-grubbing ways, and of the strange mixture of selfishness and kindness of heart, charity, and parsimony to be found in it, is well drawn. It would hardly have seemed a French family if one married son and his children had not lived with the old people in perfect accord, as they are represented doing in "Au Pair."

In the "Stories of the Future" the author tells of what is likely to happen in a house of a lady and gentleman helps, and in a contested election where the candidates are of opposite sexes. As may be imagined in either case, Love contrives to find out the way; in one case to break up a whole household, and in another to console a defeated candidate. The following quotation will show the sort of conversation that may be expected in the kitchen when the footmen and still-room maids are persons of liberal education and high lineage. The cook, not a lady-help, is talking to the footman, a gentleman-help:—

"I have done my work, and am come to help in the kitchen."

"We want no help in the kitchen, sir."

"I took the situation on the understanding that I might help in the kitchen."

"Well, take and rub down them dressers; but who's a doin' of your work?"

"Maddown. I've done everything for him for the last week, as he wanted to finish his article for the 'Quarterly,' and now he is taking my duty. One good turn deserves another," and he began to scrub lustily.

"I suppose you have not yet told Gwendoline the sad and painful history of your reduced circumstances?" said Mary in a low voice.

"No, she won't speak or take any notice of me, so I won't speak to her till she comes and asks me in the pantry."

"Nonsense."

"I won't."

"You are very blind."

He would have said something eagerly, but she went away.

It may be said in explanation that Mary is still-room maid, Gwendoline kitchen-maid; both are lady-helps. Gwendoline "has gone out" in order to forget an affair of the heart, while Mary is the daughter of a ruined clergyman, apparently one of those unfortunate men who "are reluctantly compelled to die while in occupation of their glebe."

The other "Story of the Future" is more serious. The scene

\* *Once More*. By Lady Margaret Majendie. London: Richard Bentley & Sons.

opens at Ragatz, where we are introduced to two young ladies who have nearly completed a course of baths. It is a time of political excitement, and news had just arrived of a dissolution. The ladies are strong-minded politicians, and they resolve at once to start for England, where one of them is to contest a borough which they have been nursing. There is an amusing account of the canvassing of the borough by the two girls and of a dreadfully perplexing attempt to solicit the vote and interest of a mad lady. The opposition candidate is of the opposite sex, but we must leave our readers to find out which way the battle goes, and how the two candidates, when they are brought face to face, discover that they are old friends, if not a great deal more. It can hardly be said that either "Story of the Future" does much to defend the practice of writing of what is going to happen. Such stories are almost sure to be too exaggerated to leave any feeling of illusion; yet without a sense of illusion they are especially tedious. Lady Margaret Majendie has not conquered this difficulty, though in both stories she displays a certain amount of comic power.

#### RECENT DANTE LITERATURE.\*

THE leading part taken by Germany in promoting the study of Dante is one of the most striking instances of the industry and ability of the writers and scholars who belong to that nation. They have taken possession of him almost as completely as they have assumed the right of being the only authorized expositors of Shakespeare. In both fields they have done excellent service, and no one could pretend to have done his best to become acquainted with the works of the great Italian or of the great Englishman who has not availed himself of what the Germans have done for him in regard to them. The field of Dante is, however, in all its aspects—historical, philosophical, political, religious, and moral—by far the most extensive; and, in consequence, the amount of German literature devoted to him is of far larger extent than that which belongs to our own dramatist and poet. Its range and importance indeed amply justifies the labours bestowed by Dr. G. A. Scartazzini in compiling an account of all that has been done in Germany by way of comment, translation, and illustration in advancing the better knowledge and understanding of the works of his compatriot. It is, indeed, right and graceful that this work of recognition of what has been done by German scholars should have been undertaken by an Italian, who is himself one of the latest editors of the *Divina Commedia* and writers on Dante. The first volume of the *Dante in Germania* appeared in 1880, under the auspices of the enterprising publishing house of Ulrico Hoepli, at Milan, and the second and concluding volume came out in the present year; the first being devoted to a critical history of the literature of Dante in Germany, and the second to its bibliography. This work not only gives the history of the rise and progress of the study of Dante in Germany, with full mention of all the more or less distinguished names of those who have made themselves useful in it, but it endeavours to trace all the influences exercised by him upon the general literature of the country. It names all the works which are founded upon his subjects and characters, and collects all the allusions and references to them which occur in writers who have not given themselves up to the especial study of Dante. Further than this, every picture, engraving, and piece of sculpture bearing on the subject is recorded; as are all the pamphlets and articles in reviews and magazines in any way connected with it. In short, the mode in which the work of Dr. Scartazzini is executed is as thoroughly German in its completeness and exhaustiveness as if he had himself belonged to the nation whose achievements he has set himself to describe and honour.

The study of Dante in Germany may be considered under five periods of time, the first of which may be taken to extend from its commencement down to the year 1824. The second extends to 1850, and is chiefly remarkable for the appearance of the great Dante scholar, Witte, and for the vast impulse given to the study of the *Commedia* by the translation and commentary of the late King of Saxony, under the pseudonym of Philalethes. From hence, and down to the year 1865, which was that in which the sixth centenary of Dante's birth was celebrated, it may be said that the study of philology and history in connexion with his works was that which chiefly prevailed. The fourth period, namely, from 1865 to within a few years of the present time, may be called that of enthusiasm for Dante. Translations, commentaries, dissertations, and articles in journals abounded; and the bulk of literature appertaining to the subject was increased to an amazing extent. The fifth period would embrace all that has been recently done, including Dr. Scartazzini's own edition of the *Divina Commedia*; and this, too, has been prolific enough in the same branch of literature. It may also be noted that the last two parts in the cheap series of handbooks now in course of publication by

Hoepli are devoted to the subject of Dante. They have been prepared by Dr. Scartazzini, and contain, respectively, short but excellent accounts of the life and works of the great poet, philosopher, and political writer.

It was at Basle, in 1559, that the first edition of the *De Monarchia* was printed; and at the same time appeared a German translation of it; and it may be further noted that the first five editions of this treatise were all printed in Germany—and its political bearings may, indeed, will, account for this. Twenty years later, among the poems of Hans Sachs, printed at Nuremberg, there occurs a piece entitled *Historia: Dantes der Poet von Florenz*. Translations of short passages from the *Divina Commedia* may be found in one or two German books of the seventeenth century; but it was not until 1755 that any part of its text was printed, and then only the *Inferno*, nor until 1767-9 that a translation appeared of the whole of the poem. This was executed by Lebrecht Bachenschwanz, and dedicated to the Empress Catherine of Russia. It was in prose, and is said to be neither faithful nor elegant. The first metrical translation was in 1780, of the *Inferno* only, by Jagemann; and the second German edition of the text of the *Commedia* appeared in 1784. Along with these dates it may be noted that Grangier's translation in verse of the whole poem appeared in Paris in 1597, being the earliest printed French version. The *Inferno*, by Charles Rogers, was printed in England in 1782; Boyd's translation of the whole *Commedia* came out in 1802; while Cary's work commenced with the *Inferno* only in 1806, and was completed in 1814. But the earliest of all was a Castilian version: *La Comedia de Dante Alighieri (de Florença) trasladada de rims vulgars toscans en rims vulgars catalans per N. Andrew Febrer*. This was completed at Barcelona in the year 1428, and first printed in that city from the original MS. in 1878. There was also another Spanish translation printed at Burgos in 1515, and, as it may be worth remarking, by a German printer from Basle; now a very scarce and valuable book. The well-known translation by Kannegiesser in the triple rhyme of the original was begun in 1809, but not completed until 1821. The important work of Philalethes was begun by the issue of the first ten cantos of the *Inferno* in 1828. Many of the great names in German literature are more or less to be connected with Dante. From Goethe, although he afterwards learned to admire him, he received at first little appreciation. He wrote from Rome in 1787 that he found the *Inferno* horrible, the *Paradiso* wearisome, and the *Purgatorio* something of both; nor can it be said that in *Faust*, or in his other works, he owed any of his inspiration to Dante. But the great Italian was a favourite poet with A. W. Schlegel, and he together with Frederick was a fruitful student of his works. Ideler and Bouterweck, in their respective Histories of Literature, paid due attention to Dante; and Schelling's philosophical studies upon his works were of importance in advancing the knowledge and comprehension of them.

Witte's own account of the beginning and progress of his studies on Dante is given, and it is a very interesting one. At Florence, in 1818, and as a mere lover of books, he bought a couple of choice editions of the *Divina Commedia*. His Italian friends told him that he would never read it, and that they only pretended to understand it themselves. Thus challenged, Witte at once attacked the most famous passages in one of his purchases, but at that time did not seriously prosecute his knowledge of the author, to whose illustration he was destined afterwards to render such eminent services. It is impossible to attempt to do justice to the names of all the Germans, eminent or otherwise, who have worked on Dante or even to mention them. It must suffice to repeat that the grateful Italian has done so, and with even more than German assiduity. The edition of the *Divina Commedia* by Professor Lubin, of the University of Grätz, is mentioned by Dr. Scartazzini as in preparation. It is now published, and may be recommended as the work which within the same compass will certainly be found of the greatest use to the student of Dante. It contains an excellent treatise on the life and works of the poet, together with preparatory and illustrative studies for the profitable reading of the great poem. The text is accompanied by a literal prose rendering, and the notes are kept within reasonable bounds, which is more than can be said of Dr. Scartazzini's learned but exceedingly profuse commentary to his edition of the *Divina Commedia*.

It was a matter of regret among Italian scholars in England and lovers of Italian art that the famous manuscript of the *Divina Commedia* in the Hamilton Collection should have been acquired by the Prussian Government, and not by our own, to be placed in one of our national collections. It is however now at Berlin, and our feelings of disappointment that it did not remain in England may be somewhat consoled by the knowledge of the good use which is being made of it by its present owners. In a recently issued part of the description of the art treasures among which it is now to be found there is an excellent dissertation by Von Friedrich Lippmann upon this celebrated manuscript and its illustrations, accompanied by an exquisite engraving from the drawing which represents Dante and Beatrice in the sphere of the Moon. It may be remembered that Dante is made to suppose that he was viewing figures reflected in some such medium as glass or still water, and that he turns his head to look for their originals behind him. This action is indicated by Botticelli, who assumes the license of adding a second head to the figure of Dante which is looking backwards. The design is full of the tenderest beauty and

\* *Dante in Germania*. Storia letteraria e bibliografia Dantesca Alemanna par G. A. Scartazzini. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli. 1881-1883.

*Manuali Hoepli*. XLII. and XLIII. Milan. 1883.

*Commedia di Dante Alighieri*, &c. Da Antonio Lubin. Padova: 1881.

*Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen*. Vierter Band.

Heft. Berlin: 1883.

*Françoise de Rimini dans la légende et dans l'histoire*. Avec vignettes et dessins inédits. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1883.

*Dante's Divine Comedy—The Purgatorio*. A Prose Translation. By the late William Stratford Dugdale. London: Bell & Sons. 1883.



delicacy, and it is to be hoped that the whole of these lovely drawings may before long be reproduced and rendered accessible. It is difficult to believe that the plates to be found in the grand Landino edition of 1481 are from the same hand as the drawings now at Berlin. But a better means of studying these than has hitherto existed will be soon afforded by the publication of a volume of facsimiles of early Italian engravings under the very competent superintendence of Mr. Reid of the British Museum, which will contain reproductions of the whole of the engravings found in the first Landino edition, and usually ascribed to Botticelli.

In France there has appeared within the last few months a choice *livre de luxe* by Charles Yriarte on the old but ever fresh story of Francesca da Rimini. There is nothing new to tell, but the political conditions of Italy at the time of the ill-starred marriage of expediency between the fair Francesca and her ill-matched bridegroom are well set forth. There are details thrown in of historical and genealogical interest, and some criticism on the story in its relation to truth or legend, and there is a disquisition on the probable scene of that fatal reading of the page in the romance of Lancelot—a reading than which none has ever become more famous—and of its tragical and unexpected termination. But what matters it whether that took place at Rimini, or Pesaro, or elsewhere, with which the whole world of poetry has rung for centuries, and will ring as long as poetry exists, and there are thoughts of love, passion, and revenge to be excited by it? There are very charming illustrations to this little book, and among them some hitherto unpublished designs by Ingres. In England, the late Mr. William Stratford Dugdale, of Merevale, has added to the existing translations from Dante a prose version of the *Purgatorio*, intended to serve as a companion volume to the *Inferno* of Dr. Carlyle. A brief prefatory notice states that the work was completed only three days before the author's sudden and lamented death. The translation is a correct one, and is presented in good readable English, which keeps as close to the original as the differences of the two languages will admit of. The notes have the merit of brevity, but present no points of novel interest.

#### A BOOK OF SIBYLS.\*

MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE'S sketches of her four Sibyls, as she somewhat fantastically styles the ladies she has taken for her subjects, are personal rather than literary. She only glances at their works incidentally, and as throwing a side light upon their lives and their characters. As for Miss Austen, she has her place among our classics; criticism has little more to say about her. As for Miss Edgeworth, although we fear she is too much neglected, her writings scarcely need notice or analysis; their truth and brightness are their best recommendations, and they are endeared to the older of us by early associations; while with regard to Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Opie, whatever may have been their merits, as popular authors they are both dead and buried, nor can anything revive an interest in their works. Notwithstanding which, their country owes to each a greater or lesser debt of gratitude; and the names of all the four were at one time known far and wide, either as household words or nursery words. Nobody is perhaps more fitted to treat them sympathetically than Mrs. Ritchie, and we need hardly say that she has touched the lights and the shadows with a pen which is at once delicate and discriminating. Thanks to letters and original documents, and to communications from the representatives of old family acquaintances, she has been able to give us a good deal of novel information, especially in the cases of Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Opie. And in the married lives of these two ladies we learn, somewhat to our surprise, that there was much of the sensation of domestic romance. The lessons that they taught in the books that were once so widely read were the fruit of sad domestic experiences and of trials supported with Christian constancy; while, on the other hand, in the stories of the varied rounds of their existences the grave is more than counterbalanced by the gay. Flattered and fettered more or less as they were, we are introduced into the circles of their distinguished literary contemporaries, and are invited to mix on familiar terms with politicians, philanthropists, and men and women of fashion.

Mrs. Barbauld's life was perhaps the most chequered by melancholy. With one of those happy personal touches with which her father has made us familiar in his *Roundabout Papers*, Mrs. Ritchie owns to a special interest in the lady, "having first learned to read out of her little yellow books, of which the syllables rise up one by one again, with a remembrance of the hand patiently pointing to each in turn; all this recalled and revived after a lifetime by the sight of a rusty iron gateway, behind which Mrs. Barbauld once lived, of some old letters closely covered with a wavy writing, of a wide prospect that she once delighted to look upon." And in fact it is with great propriety that Mrs. Barbauld associates herself with ideas of teaching. She was born and bred in a school. She was a schoolmistress herself, for she became the wife, as she had been the daughter, of a schoolmaster. She ought to have been thoroughly self-disciplined, and well disciplined she was; for

she practised the excellent moral lessons she inculcated. Yet she made a marriage of romance, or rather of benevolence; and, where she had sown deliberately in charity, she reaped a harvest of sorrow. She had been a very precocious little girl, and her precocity was brutally abused, though no doubt with the kindest intentions. Her mother writes of her, and we suppose we may believe Mrs. Aikin, that she could read sentences "roundly and without spelling" at the age of two; that half a year afterwards she could read as well as most women. It is a horrible picture, though the child does not seem to have suffered much, for she grew up bright and intelligent beyond her years. She was by no means the model of prim propriety we might have supposed, seeing that once, when a wealthy farmer was permitted to pay his unwelcome addresses to her, the young lady, to evade his importunity, "ran nimbly up a tree which grew by the garden wall and let herself down into the lane beyond." Nor was the love-making of her future husband altogether to her taste. "His protestations were passionate and somewhat dramatic"; which was partly to be explained by an overheated fancy, for once he had gone out of his mind. It is said that it was for that very reason she married him, not without many searchings of heart and notwithstanding the warnings of her parents. "Surely if I throw him over," was her argument, "he will become crazy again." The results and the end might have been foreseen. Barbauld was least fitted of all men to be either a husband or a schoolmaster; scarcely answerable for his conduct, he was subject to uncontrollable bursts of ill-temper; and, having been attacked again by his malady in an aggravated form, he finally put an end to his own existence. What pained her most deeply was that, devoted wife as she had been, his madness took the form of being irritated by her presence. And very touching passages are quoted from her letters, in which, while resolved to bear all as best she can upon earth, she expresses the hope with which she looks forward to the day which will bring a lasting release from her sufferings. When left, by her husband's death, to a life of loneliness, she courageously resumed her literary labours; though, indeed, the work accomplished by the literary ladies of the last century seems ludicrously small to us, who know to our sorrow the ceaseless fertility of the Sibyls of to-day. As for Mrs. Barbauld, her lot was all the sadder because she might have been brightly happy under more favourable circumstances, instead of being merely cheerfully resigned. Some of the letters, thrown off in the buoyancy of her girlish spirits, show a fine flow of humour, with lively powers of shrewd or sensitive description.

The sketch of Mrs. Opie in its leading features is not very dissimilar from that of Mrs. Barbauld. Mrs. Opie, who was one of the clever Alderson family, was likewise precocious and accomplished as a child. But, while Miss Aikin seems to have been held strictly in hand, little Amelia Alderson was left very much to her own devices. A story is told of her wandering into the Assize Court one day, when the good-natured old judge called her up to sit by him on the bench. She returned on the following day, to be warned away by one of the attendants, when her venerable acquaintance interfered again, and again found room beside him for the inquisitive visitor. Amelia Opie was a beauty, with a figure that was instinct with grace, and a face that was full of expression. Her first meeting with her artist husband was romantic enough. She had arrived late at an evening party; "she entered light and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and her face was kindling with pleasure at the sight of her old friends, and her whole appearance was animated and glowing." "Who is that? Who is that?" exclaimed Opie, starting up from where he was sitting. She, too, was changed, more by cares than years, from that bright form, with its beauty and animation, to the subject "of a photograph of her in her Quaker dress, in old age, thin and changed and sunken, from which it is very difficult to realize all the lightness and life and animation which must have belonged to the earlier part of her life." Like Mrs. Barbauld, although like her she married an honourable man, she was also unfortunate in her husband. Opie loved his wife so much that he would have kept her all to himself, and he loved seclusion almost as much as her. He was an enthusiastic painter, but took little pleasure in his work; he was successful on the whole, but had his seasons of depression and anxiety. He had no self-confidence; he was always dissatisfied with his work; and his wife exhausted her ingenuity in trying to encourage and console him. At times his pictures were the fashion, and then his income was ample; at other times, the public turned its back on him, and then the household would be hampered in the present and anxious over the future. Had she really loved him, she might have taken things more easily; but we are told that she felt nothing more for him than respect and admiration. Yet she had her pleasures and her excitements by way of recreation; and, like Maria Edgeworth, in one of the intervals of the French troubles Mrs. Opie paid a memorable visit to Paris. There the versatile Charles Fox made acquaintance with Opie in the Louvre Galleries, at the time when the First Consul's wholesale robberies had gathered into the Louvre the art treasures of Europe. Fox standing opposite Domenichino's "St. Jerome," which is now in the little room at the Vatican, expressed enthusiastic admiration. Opie, on being introduced and appealed to, ventured decidedly to differ. "You must be a better judge on such points than I am," says Fox, "and Mrs. Opie proudly writes of the two passing on together, discussing and comparing the pictures." As Barbauld had committed

\* *A Book of Sibyls*. By Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

suicide when insane, Opie died delirious and in middle age, having prematurely worn himself out by nervous strain and over-excitement. His widow, happier than Mrs. Barbauld, found another and a quieter home with her father; and as a widow she returned to London society, where she was welcomed by her old friends and many new acquaintances. We are told that one of the pleasantest of her memories was that of a meeting with Walter Scott and Wordsworth at a breakfast, when the "Author of Waverley" had charmed her with the humorously vivid description of the terrors of a hapless cockney when following a Highland fox-chase.

We say nothing of Mrs. Ritchie's essay on Miss Austen, not that it is not nearly as enjoyable as any of the others, but because there is necessarily little in it that is new. And, indeed, Mrs. Ritchie has restricted it within a few pages, though unwilling to pass one of her favourites altogether over. But the mention of Sir Walter Scott reminds us that we must glance at his great friend, Maria Edgeworth, whose writings, owing perhaps to the congeniality of their natures, he rated somewhat more highly than they perhaps deserve. And, in truth, no one can help loving the lively and warm-hearted writer, who at once places herself on a footing with her readers that is nearer and more affectionate than that of a simple friendship. Take her all in all, she is the brightest of Mrs. Ritchie's Sibyls, and, consequently, we have found the article on her the most fascinating. We know not whether we most enjoy the pictures of her life at Edgeworthstown, or the glimpses at her when on her travels or on her visits to London. The Edgeworths were a large and a very clever family, and they "lived in a certain atmosphere of their own." The memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth, which his daughter, according to his strict dying injunctions, piously edited and published without adding or altering a word, abound in interesting narrative and revelations, though they necessarily provoked much angry comment. There are references in Mrs. Ritchie's article to the thrilling scenes the family witnessed when the peasants in the neighbourhood had risen in rebellion, and the columns of the invading French had advanced so near them as Castlebar. There are piquant descriptions of her meetings with English and foreign celebrities, the most characteristic of which, perhaps, is that in which Miss Edgeworth humorously describes how she went to pay her respects to Mme. de Genlis. And, though this is such a volume as one can only skim and touch, we have shown, as we think, that there is abundant variety in it, and of a kind which should provide enjoyment for everybody.

#### SOME AUTHORITIES ON MOUNTAINEERING.\*

AS in scholarship, so in mountaineering, adventures in the opening of new ground have been the part of England, and the methodical organizing of knowledge the part of Germany, or in this case, if we are to use political accuracy, of German-speaking Switzerland, which indeed has its not inconspicuous share in the triumphs of scholarship also. We do not state this as an absolute proposition; to do so would be unjust both to other nations and to ourselves. No people or language among the dwellers in and about the Alps has failed to take its share in active Alpine enterprise. Witness not only the venerable names of De Saussure and Bourrit, but such modern ones as those of Fellenberg, Carrel, Cordier, and the Studers. Englishmen, again, can show goodly contributions to the scientific handling of Alpine matters. Apart from the literature of glacier theory, which stands by itself, Mr. Ball, more than any other man the founder of the Alpine Club, and Mr. Bonney, now its President, have been leaders in this kind; and in his discussion of Hannibal's route in the current number of the *Alpine Journal* Mr. Freshfield gives an excellent specimen, which is only the latest of several, of work that may truly be described as Alpine scholarship. Generally speaking, however, the division of aptitude and labour is sufficiently marked. The volumes of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, and their successors of the *Alpine Journal*, are typically English; the Federal map of Switzerland, and G. Studer's *Ueber Eis und Schnee*, now completed after a dozen years' interval by a supplemental part, are typically Swiss. Herr Studer has made himself to the mountains of Switzerland what Orelli was to Horace and Plato.

His work, thoroughly German in form and in spirit, is not altogether free from certain common drawbacks of even standard German works. But, notwithstanding these, no question can be made that on the whole *Ueber Eis und Schnee* will long be the standard book of reference for the history of mountain exploration in the Alps of Switzerland. It is perhaps to be regretted that the author's plan did not include the chain of Mont Blanc; but what he did undertake was as much as could be expected of one man's knowledge and labour. The conclusion of the undertaking brings forcibly to mind how much mountaineering has advanced in every way, not only since the earlier period of the explorations recorded by Herr Studer, but since his first volume was published in 1869. At that time it had hardly ceased to be a matter of discussion among the leaders of mountaineering whether an ice-axe was pre-

ferable to an alpenstock; for a beginner, at all events, to carry an ice-axe was commonly thought to savour of presumption. At this time no man intending serious climbing in the Alps would be advised to go without an ice-axe any more than to go without his boots; and the less his experience, the more important it is thought, if anything, that he should be at all points thoroughly equipped. Then, also, mountaineering without guides, if not amounting to heretical pravity, was deemed a cause of offence and a sign of culpable self-will. Now it has been established by experience that fit persons, using fit care and caution, may go without guides even on really difficult expeditions, and return not only safe but justly successful, and with their reputation for wisdom unimpaired. Not many are fit for such an undertaking, it is true; but even ten years ago it was gravely doubted if the conditions could be satisfied by any amateur climber. Then, again, the terrors of unknown difficulty still hung about all heights much above that of Mont Blanc. Whether at 20,000 feet above the sea-level climbing was physically possible was an unsolved problem. In 1868 the ascent of Elbruz (18,500 feet in round numbers), with comparative ease and no troubles of breathing whatever, went some way, but only some way, to clearing up the matter. Now the greater heights of the Andes have been mastered by Mr. Whymper, though not without an acclimatizing process that was painful while it lasted; and in the Himalayas an ascent of over 23,000 feet has lately been effected by Mr. Graham. The rising generation of mountaineers are tempted to look on even their immediate predecessors as a sort of antediluvians. We could wish that confidence in the improved skill and resources of the present time, and the desire of inventing novelties on familiar ground, had not begotten in some cases a spirit of levity and foolhardiness. Words of warning from those best entitled to speak have, however, not been lacking. Those who neglect them will owe to their own folly the disasters that sooner or later, if such courses are persisted in, must ensue. On the other hand, we are bound to say that the reasonable mountaineer's confidence has to some extent been tried by the lamentable and fatal accidents of recent seasons, of which one or two at least cannot be explained by any want of competence or failure to observe known precautions.

But, if we look still further back, we shall see that the publication of the first part of *Ueber Eis und Schnee* marked with approximate exactness an important period in the history of mountain exploration. And from that period we may date the besetting temptation of modern mountaineers which has just been spoken of. We mean that the exploration and conquest of the great Alpine centres was substantially complete. It was no longer possible in the mountains of Switzerland or Savoy to win such triumphs as the first ascent of the Schreckhorn or the Weiss-horn, or the pioneering of the "high-level route" between Zermatt and Chamonix. Nothing of the first importance remained to be made out in the chains of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, or the Oberland. The ten years between 1855 and 1865 cover the most active and brilliant time of the first generation of the Alpine Club. It was in 1865 that the ascent of the Matterhorn, the last of the great peaks that still defied the mountaineer, was achieved. In 1868 Messrs. Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker made their expedition to the Caucasus, which may be taken as good evidence that in their opinion the great era of Alpine discovery was then closed. Various outlying points and regions of the Alps, indeed, were yet unsubdued. Thus the Gspaltenhorn, a secondary but conspicuous and difficult peak of the Oberland, held out until 1869. And Mr. C. E. Mathews, in a paper he contributed to the *Alpine Journal* two years ago, put the close of the epoch of conquest, as we may call it, as late as 1870, which happens to be the mean date of the earlier parts of G. Studer's work. What has been done since for mountaineering in Europe consists chiefly in working out the subsidiary details, and in popularizing and organizing the results assured in the foregoing ten years or so. How far this process has gone was illustrated last year by the appearance, in a series of handbooks of sports and exercises issued by a publishing firm at Vienna, of an excellent general introduction to mountaineering, or "Alpine Sport," as it is called for conformity's sake. The author is Herr Julius Meurer, President of the Austrian Alpine Club, and otherwise known as an agreeable and sensible narrator of mountain ascents.

It was perhaps an excess of the German virtue of method to give a serious preliminary discussion to the question, "Giebt es einen Alpenen Sport?" which, by dividing human pursuits into science and sport, is easily answered in the affirmative. But, if Herr Meurer is methodical, he has nothing of the heaviness, want of balance, local and other jealousies, and bad taste, which too often disfigure really meritorious books in the same language, and among them Herr G. Studer's, we regret to say, in some places. Herr Meurer knows too much of English mountaineers, and is too good a mountaineer himself to fall into such a blunder as ascribing feelings of wounded national pride to Mr. Leslie Stephen, of all men in the world, when he happened to be an eye-witness of the second ascent of the Schreckhorn (first ascended by himself), which happened to be made by a Swiss. English climbers are not accustomed to attach such vast importance to second ascents; but we are very sure that no English mountaineer would ever grudge a Swiss colleague the honour of a second ascent, or of a first one either. English authorities have always allowed, nay maintained, that the exploration of an Alpine region most properly belongs to its own people. And if Englishmen have been the first to set

\* *Ueber Eis und Schnee: die höchsten Gipfel der Schweiz und die Geschichte ihrer Besteigung.* Von G. Studer. Bern, 1869-1871. 3 vols. Supplementband. 1883.

*Handbuch des Alpenen Sport.* Von Julius Meurer, Präsident des Alpen-Club "Oesterreich," &c. Wien, Pest, Leipzig. 1882.



foot on the summits of the greater part of Swiss mountains, they have not been slow to acknowledge how much they owed to their Swiss guides. This passage about Mr. Stephen and the Schreckhorn was a ludicrous but a trivial error of taste and judgment; but the same unfortunate spirit has now led Herr Studer astray, in his supplemental volume, to enter at disproportioned length and with marked, we had almost said gross, partisanship upon a painful and barren controversy raised a few years ago by the death of the Zermatt guide Brantschen, into which the names of certain Englishmen who had nothing to do with the matter—and, what was perhaps yet worse, the credit of their guides—were unwarrantably drawn. The question, moreover, was wholly unconnected with Alpine science or exploration. In a work like *Ueber Eis und Schnee* it should have been either left alone or dismissed with the briefest mention. Herr Meurer not only has judgment and tact to preserve him from such aberrations, but he has another great medicine against literary blunders, the sense of humour. As to the practical merits of his work, his comments on the good effects of mountaineering and its particular fitness in modern civilized life, his advice and warning to beginners, and his discussion of Alpine equipment and munitions, are alike excellent. He rightly declares the ice-axe a clear necessity for the traveller bent on serious expeditions. The only point on which we are much inclined to differ from him is the utility of climbing-irons. It is undeniable that in certain conditions of the snow they may save step-cutting, but in certain conditions only; whether this be worth the price of carrying so much extra weight (a pair of *Steigseilen* weighs about a pound and three-quarters) appears to us very doubtful. Again, they may well be convenient to the solitary hunter, but it does not follow that they are a desirable addition to the baggage of a party equipped with rope and axes. However, these instruments, almost unknown in the Western and Central Alps, find general favour in the Eastern parts. Herr Meurer is almost pathetic on the indigestibility of hard-boiled eggs and other difficulties of Alpine provisioning, and puts forward various suggestions of pleasant and portable food which are not yet familiar, we think, to English climbers, and certainly deserve consideration. On the whole, his book will justly take as high rank in the dogmatic literature, if we may so call it, of mountaineering as Herr G. Studer's in the history of the subject. The English people who still pretend to regard English mountaineers as insane will do well to note that the Swiss and Austrians (to say nothing here of Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen) have gone mad also.

## NEW MUSIC.

AS a first instruction book in the art of violin-playing, *The Young Violinist's Tutor and Duet Book*, by "A Professional Player," published by Köhler & Son, of Edinburgh, seems to present some peculiar advantages. The author has evidently devoted a large portion of his time to closely observing the difficulties which children have to encounter upon entering into this most difficult study, and to judge by the practical hints contained in the introduction to the work his time has not been spent in vain. There are not many teachers who will undertake the instruction of very young pupils, and of those who have done so we fear there are few who have not regretted their rashness in accepting the task. Our author, however, comes to the conclusion that the cause of failure does not lie so much with the young pupil as with the "dry and repulsive" system of instruction usually employed by the teacher—a system which he says is "positively hurtful to a child musician, and no more necessary than it is for an infant to understand grammar before it begins to speak." Following the example of Spohr, "A Professional Player" presents his studies in the form of duets to be played by master and pupil, beginning with exercises upon the eight first notes of the 1st and 2nd strings. This necessitates the use of the scale of A major as a starting-point, instead of the usual scale of C major—a proceeding which he justifies by pointing out that it lies easiest to the fingers, does not require the use of the two back strings, which very young players find almost impossible to reach, and, finally, "gives the child an intelligent and easily remembered knowledge of the notes and their position on the staff by placing them before him in alphabetical order." By a skilfully arranged series of exercises the fingers are gradually placed in position and the bow arm carefully trained, while the simple and attractive melodies which are found here and there are so managed as to apply the lessons already learnt in the exercises. In this way the little pupil is interested in the study, and his love for the instrument is developed by degrees; and, by the time the last page of this short instruction book (it consist of only fifty large pages) is reached, it will be found that he has made a real advance, not only in violin-playing, but in general musical knowledge. We can well imagine that, if there is any real aptitude for music in the pupil, this rational method of instruction, conscientiously adhered to, will be found to be one of the best that has hitherto been made public; and we can heartily recommend it to teachers and parents, feeling assured, as our author says in the introduction, "that it will simplify their labours and call out musical ability, taste, and feeling in the child where such really exist."

Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons have sent us two little books of popular French and German songs arranged for two sopranos and

intended for the use of children. Their titles respectively are *La Lyre des Ecoles* and *Deutscher Liedergarten*, and the object that the compilers have in view, to judge from the preface attached to each volume, is to aid the young by means of music to acquire a knowledge of modern languages. There is no doubt that much can be done to interest children through such a medium, if teachers will conscientiously instruct their pupils in the meaning of the words that are to be sung; but, unless this is done, we fear the mere fact of the words being set to music, although it may aid the memory, will hardly be of much avail in teaching the language. It may be supposed that the compilers of these little books are well aware of this, and therefore we can recommend them from a musical point of view; for the duets are very cleverly arranged, and the selection of them has been carried out with great care, and in the best taste. They are published both in the ordinary staff and tonic sol-fa notations.

A most praiseworthy attempt to bring the songs of the people within the reach of the people has been made by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, who has sent us four volumes of songs and glees, each of which is to be purchased at the low price of eightpence. Three of these volumes each contain from forty to fifty of the best popular songs of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, simply and carefully arranged, whilst that of fifty standard glees, rounds, and catches seems to us the cheapest and best that has hitherto been produced at the price. All the glees are by the best masters in the art, the mere mention of whose names, from Morley, who wrote in 1595, to Dr. Calcott, and the late Sir Henry Bishop, is sufficient to show the high quality of the compositions offered; and when we add that the type is clear and correct, we think we have said enough to recommend these volumes to those people for whom the editor intends them. The publishers of the A 1 Song Books, as they are named, are Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. "The Cuckoo's Song" is a part song published by Messrs. Novello & Co., and written by Mr. W. C. Newsam. It will, we doubt not, become a favourite with singing-classes, not only on account of its melody, but because it presents no difficulties, and is rather effective. From Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co. we have received a budget of songs. "Hercules and Omphale" is No. 1 of a series of Mythological Ballads written by Mr. Frederick Bowyer to music by Mr. Hugh Clendon, the mythology consisting in little more than the name. It is prettily written; and, though somewhat suggestive of Mr. Molloy's work, it is a good specimen of the modern drawing-room song. Mr. Theodore W. Barth's "Never Grow Old," to words by Dr. Charles Mackay, deserves popularity on account of the grace both of the words and music; and Mr. Godfrey Mark's "Knight's Guerdon," a song of chivalry, as it is called, will probably, in spite of its evident relationship to another popular song, its senior by some years, be welcomed by those who affect an admiration for "War's Alarms" and "Men at Arms" ditties. "The Wraith of a Song," which has the Italian words "Anima mia" for a second title, is a far better composition than its name would lead one to suppose. The words are by Mr. Sydney Lever, and the music by Mr. Charles Marshall, who has shown that he is capable of writing in a very pleasing and scholarly manner, well deserving the popularity which we think will attend this song when it is once heard. Under the title "Sever'd the Tie," Miss Ethel Harraden has composed some very taking music to words by Mr. Herbert Harraden, and has further embellished the song with *ad libitum* accompaniments for the violin, concertina, and violoncello, which certainly render it very effective, whilst of Signor Odoardo Barri's song "Never do Part" it is enough to say that it is quite equal to the other songs which have already appeared from the pen of this popular composer. The same publishers send us two waltzes—"Viola," by Miss Belle Percival, and "My Little Sweetheart," by Herr Josef Meissler, based upon Signor Odoardo Barri's song of the same name.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WHILE Mr. Phisterer's Statistical Record—a sort of tabular list of the numbers of the Federal armies at different periods, the *personnel* contributed by each of the Northern and Border States, the regiments present on different occasions, and similar matters, in dry, technical form—completes, we suppose, Messrs. Scribner's historical series, the *Campaigns of the Civil War* (1), Mr. Dodge, the author of an elaborate account of the Campaign of Chancellorsville, sums up, in what he calls *A Bird's-Eye View* (2), the principal military features and incidents of the struggle. His book is exceedingly valuable from many points of view. We fear that in this country its popularity is hardly likely to equal its merit. The first few pages are the weakest, and the only part that is distinctly unjust to the South and to individual Southern statesmen. Like most Northerners, and perhaps most Englishmen of the present generation, Mr. Dodge forgets or ignores altogether the constitutional and defensive position of the South during the

(1) *Campaigns of the Civil War*. Supplementary Volume. Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States. By Frederick Phisterer, late Captain U.S. Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *A Bird's-Eye View of Our Civil War*. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U.S. Army. Author of the "Campaign of Chancellorsville." Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

long sectional feud that culminated in the Civil War in Kansas and in John Brown's piratical raid into Virginia, passionately applauded by so large a part of the Northern people. Like most historians, moreover, he forgets the fact that most politicians, Abolitionist as well as Conservative, in the North-East believed in the right, as most Southerners—Mr. Davis excepted—believed in the possibility, of peaceable separation; that war was only made certain by the collision at Charleston, a collision deliberately provoked—as some thought for that express purpose—by the Government of Mr. Lincoln. But in dealing with the events of the war itself, Mr. Dodge is as nearly impartial as a soldier of the Union well could be. It would be too much to expect from him a frank admission of the inferior morale of the Federal army, especially in the Eastern States and during the first two years of the war. And yet he admits, if somewhat grudgingly, the superior military aptitude and fitness for discipline of the Southern people. The mere fact that against numerical odds of five to one and material odds of at least twenty to one, the South maintained the struggle for four years, till she was rather exhausted than beaten, rather bled to death than yielded, indicates some enormous countervailing advantage on her side, beyond the sterner resolution obvious throughout, and due in great part to the truth, however worded, that the North fought for empire and the South for independence. The Southern victories in the field, gained almost invariably against considerable odds of number and still greater odds of weapons and matériel, cannot be altogether explained by that superior generalship which Mr. Dodge admits frankly in the case of Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson but denies to Johnstone, who, in the belief of many Southerners, especially of those who served under him, was at least as a strategist the equal of his more renowned colleague. To those who remember enough to give them a still present and lively interest in the course of the struggle, Mr. Dodge's narrative, clearly and for the most part accurately describing, though in very few words, the varying fortunes of the conflict, the progress of each main scheme of operations—showing the more clearly from its very brevity the real tenor of events, the real bearing of each upon the issue—is all that could be desired; gives them perhaps a clearer, more vivid view, a more accurate outline, which they can fill in from memory, than any other available record. But as no bird's-eye view can possess the merits or beauties of a picture, so no sketch of this kind can command the interest of a history. It serves as a map, not a panorama; it explains, arranges, elucidates, but can hardly be said to tell the story of the war; and we fear, therefore, that it will seem dull, dry, and technical to those who do not remember or have not read a fuller, if far less clear and truthful, history of the greatest and most decisive war of the present century. In several cases, we must observe, as well as in his general calculation, the author enormously overrates the strength of the Confederate armies. So far from reaching 700,000, we doubt whether they ever numbered more than 400,000 effectives; and these, by the necessity of defending so many distinct points, the disadvantage of the defensive where the enemy could attack from an absolutely secure base on sea or shore on three sides at once, were so dispersed that each of the main armies really confronted available forces of threefold or fourfold strength. In the later years of the war the Confederates can never have mustered much more than 300,000, against four or five times that number. They surrendered at most 175,000, to more than 2,000,000. Of the paramount importance of the line of the Mississippi, and of the operations from north and south at once that wrested that line from the Confederates and cut their territory in two, the readers of this volume will acquire a clear perception, essential to a true notion of the history. Of the total failure of Grant's original operations in Virginia, how completely he was out-generalled and beaten in every engagement, till the final butchery at Coldharbour cured him of mere "hammering," Mr. Dodge's account is brief, graphic, and incisive. His narrative of the siege of Petersburg, from the explosion at the "Crater," which should have given the city, if not the Army of Northern Virginia, into the enemy's hands, down to the final rupture of the lines from mere insufficiency of numbers to hold them, is confused, and sometimes inaccurate. He overrates by 10,000 the force originally at Lee's command, and never recognizes—perhaps never knew—that when the thin line snapped Lee had not 30,000 men to hold thirty miles of mere field-works against at least four times that number actually in his front. But, on the whole, the narrative and the comments, so far as they relate to merely military matters, if they overrate the resources of the Confederates in men and supplies, are exceedingly fair, and for the most part, we believe, true as well as generous. We must except, however, the manner in which Sherman's wanton and ferocious ravages in Georgia and South Carolina, and even those of Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia, are slurred over or misstated. A chief officer of Sherman's own staff has given an account of the former, sufficient, imperfect as it is, to fasten the truth upon his leader's reputation for ever.

It happens often that works which in this country are among the driest and most unreadable of so-called literature—which can hardly be called literature in a proper sense—are in America at least as readable and interesting as any but the best-written and most generally interesting biographies or books of travel. We referred the other day to one such work—the history of what is perhaps the greatest single achievement of American engineering, the bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis; a work which, if

abridged and lightened of technical engineering and financial details, might attain to something like popularity, at least among a special class of English readers. Great pains have been taken to interest England in the opening of the North Pacific Railway, through the medium of distinguished guests from every class of English society. We have now before us a guide-book (3) describing the route and the country through which it passes, without any conscious attempt to depart from the style and character of Murray's famous volumes, but containing perhaps as much instructive, entertaining, and valuable information, as much vivid and graphic description, as will be found in any of the narratives which may be confidently expected from more than one of Lord Coleridge's companions. Beside this humble volume lies one (4) of much more ambitious pretensions, and perhaps at first sight even less promise—a history rather of the Company than of the Railway, in a large and solid octavo volume, relating the fortunes of the enterprise somewhat too much on the principle *bellum ab ovo*. The size, the type, and the subject are likely to frighten away the reader who might be attracted by a less pretentious and much briefer history of so great an undertaking; an undertaking, however, whose grandeur is dwarfed, as its importance is not a little diminished, by the existence of a predecessor as well as a rival, a rival whose advantages are not confined to the fact that it was first in the field. The Central Pacific Railway, with a direct course from New York to San Francisco, passing through all the most thriving States of the North, through Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and California, will always attract, we should conceive, a far greater through traffic and a still larger proportion of travellers, for business or pleasure. Those who undertook and successfully carried it through, moreover, are entitled to far higher praise as the first pioneers of railway traffic through the Central Territory, the first daring authors of so gigantic an undertaking; the first, or almost the first, who conceived and carried out the idea of carrying a railway over the passes of one of the greatest mountain-chains on earth. But both the route and the story of the Northern Pacific Railway have an interest of their own, though not an interest strong enough to induce many English readers, without immediate interest in the subject, to take up the history or do more than glance through the guide-book. Yet each, if not readable as a whole, contains a great deal of readable and instructive matter. The importance of the railway lies less in the points it joins than in the regions which are, or promise to be, to the United States what Manitoba is likely to prove to the Dominion of Canada. On the East the railway has a double starting-point—in St. Paul and Minneapolis, the twin cities of Minnesota, which seem likely one day—and perhaps at no very distant day—to unite and rival St. Louis or Chicago; and in Duluth, at present an insignificant village, with no advantage or interest save that it happens to be the head of navigation on the great lakes, the connecting point between the trade of the St. Lawrence and that of the far North-West. Through the canal, which avoids the Falls of Niagara, ships of considerable burden sailing from European ports can reach Duluth, and there trans-ship their produce to the railway for any point in the settled parts of Dacotah, Montana, or Oregon, and load with return cargoes of grain, seemingly unlimited in quantity and unrivalled in quality, brought by the Northern Pacific from the vast Bonanza farms, as they are called, rapidly spreading along the line. These farms, some of them including twenty or thirty thousand acres, appear to produce a first-rate "hard" wheat at the lowest of possible prices. The buildings, the opening of the land, the sowing and reaping of the first crop, are said to cost a little more than 5*l.* per acre, recouped at ordinary prices by the first year's harvest; and each subsequent crop promises for an indefinite period to yield 50 per cent. profit on the original outlay. A branch line of the Northern Pacific is the nearest, probably the only practicable, route to that unrivalled combination of natural marvels, the Yellowstone National Park. The first half of the history will have no interest, at least for English readers; the second, which tells us how money was found after repeated failures for an enterprise so gigantic, and at first sight so unpromising, is an instructive lesson alike in the methods of American finance and in the policy of American railroad legislation. It contains at least one very amusing and very striking story, showing how much confidence, even among the 'cutest and smartest class of Yankees—the financiers of Wall Street—a high reputation at once for honesty and intellect may command. Mr. Villard, a journalist of German origin, and a principal projector of the Oregon Navigation Company, desired to obtain a control, as it is called, of this and of the Northern Pacific line, by purchasing more than half the shares of each Company. He issued a circular to some fifty subscribers, demanding 8,000,000 dollars for a purpose it was of course essential to keep secret; 24,000,000 were offered him, and his certificates of subscription commanded at once a premium of 50 per cent. from men who knew only that they were to share the profit of some enterprise, be its nature what it might, undertaken by Mr. Villard. In this connexion we may mention the sixteenth annual issue of Mr. Poor's "Manual of the United States Railroads" (5); and the two

(3) *The Great North-West: a Guide-book and Itinerary for the use of Tourists and Travellers over the lines of the Northern Pacific Railroad, &c.* By Henry J. Winsor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(4) *History of the Northern Pacific Railroad.* By Eugene V. Smalley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(5) *Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1883.* By Henry V. Poor. New York: H. V. & H. W. Poor. London: E. F. Wilson.



volumes of Geographical Survey (6) which deal with Wyoming and Idaho, and are accompanied by an excellent practical atlas.

Mrs. Willard's heavy volume entitled *Woman and Temperance* (7) is thoroughly characteristic alike of a certain kind of American political or social literature and a certain class of—unhappily not only American—women. It is partly a record, partly a declamatory eulogy, of the temperance movement conducted by a number of strong-minded, strong-willed ladies in the North-Western States, for the promotion, or rather the enforcement, of total abstinence, not, as English ladies would suppose, among their own, but upon the other sex. There is something apparently absurd, if not paradoxical, in speaking of a purely or primarily feminine movement as one relying on physical force; but in the so-called Woman's Temperance Crusade a force rather physical than moral, certainly rather compulsory than persuasive, has been the principal and most effective agent. The roughest of American roughs dare not interfere with an assemblage of women, however obnoxious its purposes, however closely its methods may approach their own. Even under the direction of the law, physical force can hardly be applied to restrain feminine rowdiness; and bands of women parading the streets, assembling in front of public-house after public-house, and blockading it, much after the manner of the Salvation Army, with hymns, lectures, protests, and denunciations, compelled bar-keeper after bar-keeper to close his shop, and for the time being, at least, forego his livelihood. But this kind of violence, these processes of extra-legal coercion, are necessarily temporary in their action. As soon as the nuisance created by female enthusiasm has passed away or swept on to another place, the nuisance, as most American women esteem it, of whisky and lager-beer recovers its influence; the men, cowed or patient for the moment, reassert their liberty. It does not appear to occur to Mrs. Willard, or the associates to personal panegyric of whom more than half the volume is devoted, that the coercion exercised in a different form over the minds of children is equally ephemeral; that those who in their babyhood have been induced to sign a pledge they never understood will as men, perhaps as women, indignantly and contemptuously repudiate it, and resent the dishonest advantage taken of their innocence and ignorance. Indeed, the present object of the ladies in question should, but that women are by privilege illogical, involve a confession of failure. They seek now to coerce by law, not lawlessness, and demand female suffrage as a means of imposing liquor laws upon the stronger sex. The women are to rule, the men not merely to obey, but to enforce the laws made by female weakness; the ladies to compound for sins they are inclined to—scoffing, extravagance, and the like—by damning the one masculine vice they are hardly tempted to imitate. The parade of religious enthusiasms and biblical sanction by an agitation which violates the plainest, most positive restraint imposed by the New Testament upon the sex is suggestive, if not convincing. Evidently Mrs. Willard and her associates never heard of the order to be silent in church, or have no idea of obeying it. Were the volume shorter and less offensive, however, we should commend it earnestly to English readers, at least of certain social and political sects. Whatever else the Women's Temperance Union may have done, or failed to do, it has called attention to some consequences of female suffrage. In the Old World, at least, the weaker sex is in the majority; and to all who can put two and two together—to all, that is, but transcendental mathematicians—it must be plain that, whatever may happen in that fourth dimension of space where two and two make five, in this world at least female suffrage means the divorce of political power not only from physical strength, but from common sense.

Messrs. Houghton & Co. have undertaken, it would seem, a series of State histories (8), and very properly, if not exactly in accord with present circumstances or the temper of the present generation, have given the first place to Virginia, unquestionably the greatest of the older American Commonwealths. In the earlier days of Colonial history, no doubt, Virginia is less heard of, figures less in the story of the times, chiefly a story of squabbles with the mother-country, than Massachusetts; but rather, perhaps, from the quieter temper and more loyal disposition than from the inferior power or wisdom of the great Southern Colony. Mr. Cooke brings a considerable mass of evidence to support Virginian tradition with regard to the original settlement of the Old Dominion, and refutes with more or less success some of the favourite calumnies of her Northern rivals and antagonists. That she was settled from the first by a different class, by the younger sons of gentlemen and others in quest of new homes and fortunes, rather than by political malcontents; that during the troubles of the latter half of the seventeenth century she attracted the exiles of the Royalist, as Massachusetts those of the Republican, party; that the women sent out from England to make up the natural deficiency of the sex in a new country were, in some instances at least, selected with great care, and were not unfit partners for the

lower order of planters and farmers, the writer successfully establishes. He has, of course, a strong colonial anti-English bias; but, unlike the historians of New England, bears no unworthy spite towards the representatives of royal authority. Indeed the finest character in this volume is that of Sir William Berkeley, so long Governor of Virginia for Charles I. and Charles II. Virginia yielded as reluctantly to Cromwell as Massachusetts to the Stuarts; in either case, except so far as trade was concerned, the obedience was rather formal than substantial, and practically Virginia asserted no less staunchly than her Northern rival the sole right of the House of Burgesses to tax and legislate for their constituents. In the War of the Revolution she bore a foremost part, and suffered perhaps more than any of her sisters, as she alone of the Southern States was heartily and thoroughly American. Mr. Cooke brings out incidentally, but clearly, a truth which few of his countrymen can bear to acknowledge—that a year before the surrender of Lord Cornwallis the American cause had sunk to the lowest ebb; that, but for the courage and resolution of the Virginian Commander-in-Chief and his half-starving soldiery, the colonies would probably have surrendered; that the decisive blow was struck, not by the reviving courage of the Americans, but by the opportune arrival of a French fleet and army under the Count de Grasse, to which, and not to Lafayette or Washington, was due the sudden change of fortune which threw Lord Cornwallis on the defensive, shut him up at Yorktown, and finally compelled his surrender.

*The Diothas* (9) is, as described by its second title, a *Far Look Ahead*, the description of a society supposed to be socially and economically perfect which is to inhabit America some eighty centuries hence. It is clever and readable; the author has knowledge enough to adapt physiological conditions to his economic aspirations, and skill to combine a strong personal interest with his social speculations.

The title of *A Righteous Apostate* (10) is unfortunately chosen. The story, meritorious or not, is daringly original, and theological issues have comparatively little to do with its main interest.

We need only mention Mr. James's story of *Daisy Miller* (11), in the form of a comedy.

*The Heir of Lyolynn* (12) is a story of preposterous length, no less than 430 large, closely-printed octavo pages in verse, which, if it be verse, certainly falls far short of being poetry.

*The Blind Canary* (13), a collection of pieces which have over the preceding the advantage of brevity and occasionally of common sense, if not of poetical merit. *The Poems of Louis Barnaval* (14), coupled with the hints thrown out in the quasi-biographical sketch prefixed to them, suggest that had the author possessed something more of critical temper and capacity, had judgment regulated passion either in his work or his career, had he judged himself and his verse more correctly, and realized that neither life nor poetry admit of unbridled license, he might have lived to accomplish at a riper age something of real worth, certainly something less disfigured by extravagances of thought and language, free from the faults, often simply outrageous, that offend even a reader patient of grave faults where real merit, or promise of merit, is to be found. As it is, many of these pieces read like the utterances of frenzy rather than of passion, and there are passages which, though a merely eccentric mind might in some moods have composed them, one would have thought no sane man capable of composing them would have given to the public.

Mr. Maurice Thompson's *Songs of Fair Weather* (15) are of a higher order, and, if the work of a young man, are certainly full of promise. The author's taste, skill, and truthfulness of observation are shown chiefly in his descriptions of natural scenery and objects; and some of his shorter descriptive pieces, if here and there disfigured by obscurity or extravagance, rise unquestionably above the level of mediocrity. There is nothing, perhaps, to give promise of the highest order of poetry, or even of anything approaching that order; little of profound thought or exalted passion, but much of pathos and beauty, still more perhaps of prettiness and graceful conceit; much so good that we should be sorry to believe it the author's best.

Mr. Waterman's *Phantoms of Life* (16) are not inaptly named. The expression is fantastic, the ideas are shadowy, the versification now and then slovenly, and a confusion of multiplied metaphors heaped one on the other fails to illustrate a thought rather obscure than deep; but whether they be worth perusal or not must be left to the taste of the individual reader. We can

(9) *The Diothas; or, a Far Look Ahead*. By Ismar Thiuseu. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(10) *A Righteous Apostate*. By Clara Lanza, Author of "Mr. Perkins's Daughter." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(11) *Daisy Miller: a Comedy in Three Acts*. By Henry James. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(12) *The Heir of Lyolynn: a Tale of Sea and Land*. Seven Parts. By J. Dunbar Hylton, M.D., Author of "The Bride of Gettysburg" &c. Palmyra, New Jersey.

(13) *The Blind Canary*. By Hugh Farrar McDermott. Second Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(14) *The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Charles De Kay. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(15) *Songs of Fair Weather*. By Maurice Thompson. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(16) *Phantoms of Life*. By Luther Dana Waterman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(6) *Twelfth Annual Report of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories: a Report of the Progress of the Exploration in Wyoming and Idaho for the year 1878*. Two Parts. By F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

(7) *Woman and Temperance; or, the Work and Workers of the Women's Christian Temperance Union*. By Frances E. Willard. Hartford, Conn.: Park Publishing Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *American Commonwealths—Virginia: a History of the People*. By John Esten Cooke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

imagine some men and more women enjoying them, though it would be unfair to ask how far their admirers understood them.

Miss Wallace's *Storied Sea* (17), a little duodecimo volume of sketches, reflections, stories, written apparently in the course of a brief trip on the south shores of the Mediterranean, makes no high pretensions, and fulfils, we think, the hopes which at a hasty glance its style and tone aroused.

(17) *The Storied Sea*. By Susan E. Wallace. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.*

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